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*Government...Laws...Lawyers.*

THE kingdom of the two Sicilies, Naples, became an independent state after the dissolution of the Roman empire, of which it was a fragment, and has been from its origin the perpetual seat of discord and civil wars; subjugated by one nation after another, the fertility of its climate, and the labour of its inhabitants, have been insufficient to gratify the rapacity of the conquerors. Yet so lavish is nature of her bounty to this country, that notwithstanding the tremendous effects of earthquakes and volcanoes, and the devastations of continual wars, an interval of a few years of peace always restored its former prosperity. But the immediate rapine and violence of these turbulent times, terrible as they were, have not been so pernicious, as the civil and political consequences that resulted from the irruptions and transient dominion of so many different nations. The former only afflicted a single generation, but the latter have been entailed upon posterity.

This beautiful, but unfortunate country, was successively ravaged by the Normans, the Germans, the Spaniards, and involved in perpetual quarrels with the intriguing ambition of the papal power, when the thunder of the Vatican affright-

ed the greater part of Europe, in those ages debased by every species of tyranny and superstition. Every invader brought the laws of his own country; the Neapolitans, besides retaining the Roman jurisprudence of the Justinian code, adopted the Norman code, and, that the confusion might be worse confounded, joined to these, with the system of feudal rights and tenures, Spanish customs and authorities, incorporating occasionally with the rest, a papal ordination.

This complicated system, or rather this confused medley of laws, many of which, though they were originally good, yet were so successfully veiled in tedious form, as to obscure their meaning and destroy their utility, now forms the unwieldy, intricate system of jurisprudence in this kingdom. It will be easy to imagine the state of confusion and uncertainty, in which such a system must place all sorts of claims or agreements, subject to legal discussion; that the most equitable tenure of property must be insecure, where such a wide field is left open for chicanery and legal vexation and delay. Indeed the single fact, that there are twenty thousand lawyers in Naples, will give the best idea of

it ; and it may be readily conceived, that from the body of laws just mentioned, (I have been told, they sometimes come to court with a cartload of volumes to cite authorities and precedents) it is easy for them to protract any decision, till the subject of dispute has cost more than its intrinsic value. A fertile soil, a genial sky, and the exertions of industry, would, in a few years after the ravages of war, again give to the grain its customary protection in this country against the fervid heat of the sun, the luxuriant shade of the vine, festooning from the olive, and other fruit trees, planted at regular distances ;...yet these charming fields must be esteemed uncertain wealth, when they are held on such a precarious tenure.

It is a singular fact, that the present sovereign is the first king who was ever born in the country. A *patriot king* may be an imaginary being. Surely he cannot be looked for here, where he has not even the slight attachment of birth. Continually subjugated by foreign nations, they have had a succession of monarchs, strangers to the country they governed, and more solicitous about their personal splendour and power, than the happiness of the people, over whom they tyrannized. This, with the wretched state of their laws, sufficiently explains, why this fine country has always been the prey of others, and why the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, which from the fertility of its soil, the genial influence of its climate, and its geographical situation, ought to have been powerful and respectable, has been too weak to resist any rapacious invader, and too contemptible to excite the pity or protection of any respectable pow-

er. The fertile island of Sicily, once the granary of the Roman empire, hardly gives more consequence to its sovereign, than his kingdom of Jerusalem. Yet from its immense resources, if inhabited by an industrious people, whose earnings should be protected by the laws, this island ought to make its owner a respectable, powerful sovereign. In its present state, it is half a desert, and half a convent. Nor do the continental possessions afford much greater resources ; the provinces of the two Calabrias pay no revenues to the crown, and their principal contribution is a yearly convoy of a hundred ruffians to the galleys at Naples.

The Museum at Portici is one monument in favour of the government : no recent researches have been made, though doubtless much remains to be discovered. We would pardon, however, this government for letting the skeletons of the inhabitants of Pompeia repose in the houses, where they have been buried for eighteen centuries. This is only disappointing the curiosity of the artist and antiquarian. But when a stranger witnesses the degraded state of their country, and the indifference with which they suffer its great natural resources to lie dormant, he cannot help execrating their apathy.

The king of Naples, like his cousin, the king of Spain, is extravagantly fond of hunting ; it seems to be a passion of the Spanish line. Yet while the king is hunting boars in the wilds of Caserta, his ministers are hunting his subjects in every part of the kingdom. Had the Neapolitan court been less occupied with the pleasures of the chace, or other pleasures less ferocious, and, econ-

omizing their resources, endeavoured to excite the industry of the people; diminished the herd of insignificant noblesse; given a body of regular laws for civil decisions; occupied the Lazzaroni in cultivating Sicily, or employed them in manufactures; had they

availed themselves of their advantageous position for commerce,... the king of the Two Sicilies would have been a powerful sovereign, though now obliged to cringe, alternately, to the great powers of Europe.

### LIFE OF RICHARD BENTLEY, D. D.

*Late Regius Professor of Divinity, and Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, Eng.*

Τιμωτάτα μὲν καὶ πρῶτα τὰ περὶ τὴν ψυχὴν ἀγαθὰ.

PLATO, de Legib. IV.

Continued from page 299.

THE justice as well as the acuteness of these remarks was universally acknowledged, and Le Clerc was sensible that his character as a critick was lost, if they remained unanswered. While he deliberated on what measures he should adopt, a manuscript was left at his house by a stranger, who in the title-page called himself Philargyrius Cantabrigiensis. This book contained remarks on the fragments and corrections of several errors, which had escaped Philelutherus Lipsiensis, in his emendations.

In 1711, Le Clerc published this anonymous defence. He prefixed a long preface, in which he attempted to wipe off the stain which his critical abilities had received. His arguments, however, in general, are feeble. He does not name Bentley as his adversary, but by several hints points out his suspicions.

This answer to Bentley was written by Pauw, a man of no very extraordinary abilities. He was, however, a laborious critick, and tolerably versed in Greek literature. The remarks do not deserve any exalted commendation. Bentley, in all probability wholly disregarded them, as a few years

afterwards, when he published another edition of his notes in Menander and Philemon, he did not appear, as far as we can remember, to have been influenced in any single instance by the observations of Philargyrius Cantabrigiensis. Many of them display acuteness; but a settled determination, at all events, to defend Le Clerc, and depreciate Bentley, is too apparent.

It was observed by the learned Dr. Salter, the late master of the Charterhouse, that the critical remarks interspersed through this work were of little value; and, in the discussion of philological subjects, his sentiments deserve attention. He was a very accurate Greek scholar. His reading was universal, and extended through the whole circle of ancient literature. He was acquainted with the poets, historians, orators, philosophers, and criticks of Greece and Rome. His memory was naturally tenacious; and it had acquired great artificial powers, if such an expression be allowable, by using no notes, when he delivered his sermons. So retentive, indeed, were his faculties, that, till a few months before his death, he could quote long passages from almost every author whose work he had

perused, even with a critical exactness. Nor were his studies confined to the writers of antiquity. He was equally conversant with English literature, and with the languages and productions of the learned and ingenious, in various parts of Europe. But this is not a proper place to enlarge on the classical erudition, or eminent talents, of Dr. Salter. We could not, however, refrain from drawing this little sketch of his character, as, in his earlier life, he had been acquainted with Bentley, and cherished his memory with fond respect. He preserved many anecdotes of that great critick, which have been published from his papers,\* and are now incorporated into this account. Those who were acquainted with Salter, and know how to estimate the value of his erudition, will peruse these honorary lines with some pleasure, which may perhaps receive augmentation, by finding his name recorded in the life of his favourite Bentley.

Τὴς γὰρ θανάτου χρόνῳ οὐ τελευτήσας  
 Τίμας δίδουλα. EURIP. PHŒNISS.

While Dr. Bentley's reputation was disseminated through the continent, by his critical disquisitions, his domestick peace was disturbed by a dispute with the members of the college over which he presided. His time was of course much engaged by the active part which he was obliged to take in these disputes, and his mind must have naturally been harassed by continued suspense. His classical pursuits, however, were not remitted. In 1711 he published his long ex-

\* See the life of Bentley, in the Biographia Britannica, and the notes on the edition of the Dissertation of Phalaris, published by the learned English printer, Bowyer. The facts recorded in this account are generally derived from these sources. The mode of arrangement and many of the critical remarks are original.

pected edition of Horace, which he dedicated to Harley, Earl of Oxford, who was then minister.

The opinions of the learned with respect to this edition are various. By some it was extolled, as the greatest work that had appeared since the revival of letters, and by others it was ridiculed, and treated with contempt. If we may be allowed to give our sentiments on this subject, for

'Who shall decide, when Doctors disagree,'

we must confess, we think that Bentley has received too much praise for his corrections of Horace from one party, and has been too much condemned by the other.

Some of his emendations display wonderful acumen and critical perspicuity, and some of the passages, which he has restored from the manuscript copies, should certainly be admitted in all future editions. But many of his remarks are more eminent for ingenuity than judgment. It should likewise be remembered, that in his own edition, which was published at Cambridge in quarto, he did not incorporate the most daring of his corrections into the text, but inserted them in his notes, which he placed at the end of the volume, and that he always inserts at the bottom of the page the *readings* of former editors.

The dedication to the Earl of Oxford was dated from Trinity College, on the 6th of the Ides of December, which was the birthday of Horace. It is a lively, ingenious composition. The former part of it contains an address to Horace, with a comparison between his Mæcenas, in the court of Augustus, and Harley, whom he styles the modern Mæcenas. The latter part consists of a short history of the earl's immediate ancestors.

Dr. Bentley originally intended to have dedicated his edition of Horace to the Earl of Halifax, who had been at Trinity College. But as the work was delayed until the year 1711, when the ministry was changed, he determined to place it under the patronage of the Earl of Oxford.

At the accession of King George I. he was told that this dedication would most probably hurt his interest. In reply he said, that he should share the fate of Hare, Gooch, and Sherlock. These three, however, all became bishops, while Bentley died Master of Trinity College.

In the preface he informs us, that as the weighty cares, which had devolved upon him, for some years, by his situation as master of a college, had prevented a regular application to any serious study, he determined to devote a part of his leisure hours to the publication of some entertaining author, lest he should banish entirely his regard for the muses, and his favourite pursuits. He fixed upon Horace, because he was an universal favourite.

In his notes he tells us, that explanations of passages, which related to the customs or to the history of the ancients, form no part of his design. His intention was to correct errors, and restore genuine readings, either by the authority of copies, or by conjecture.

In his notes he availed himself of the printed editions, and of several manuscripts, the readings of which had escaped the researches of former editors.

The orthography, in his edition of Horace, appears affected†, be-

† *Volgus* for *Vulgus*, *Divom* for *Divum*, and the plural accusatives in *is* instead of *es*, when the gen. plur. ended in *ium*. *Conpesco*, *Inpius*, are more defensible, and de-

cause it is unusual; but as it is the mode of spelling, which appears by medals and inscriptions to have been used in the time of Augustus, and which is found in the most ancient copies of Horace, he seems rather to merit praise than censure for attempting such a revival.

To enter into a critical examination of his notes would far exceed our limits, and as the book is well known, the criticism would appear rather ostentatious than necessary. The following emendation we cannot help transcribing, for although Bentley thought it too bold a correction for him to admit into the text, we think it affords a happy specimen of critical sagacity:

Cessit inermis tibi blandienti  
Janitor aulæ  
Cerberus; quamvis furiale centum  
Muniant angues caput, exeatque  
Spiritus teter, faniesque manet  
Ore trilingui.

So Bentley would read this passage in Horace's Ode to Mercury, III. XI. In common editions the 3d line stands thus:

Muniant angues caput ejus, atque  
Spiritus, &c.

Dacier observes, that the word *ejus* debases the whole poem. There is a passage in Ovid of the same cast, but that should not be admitted as a defence for an expression, so mean and prosaic. The alteration may be defended by several similar passages. Among his corrections the change of "*Ille et nefasto tu posuit die*" into "*Illum*"

... serve to be adopted. This subject has been treated with great ingenuity by the elegant Scheller, in his *Præcepta filii bene Ciceroniani*; a work which is little known in this country, but merits an attentive perusal from every scholar. Let it be remembered that the learned Heyne, *οπανυ* has used the same orthography in his Virgil.

*et nefasto,"* &c. is likewise very happy.

He has explained innumerable passages, which defied former editors, and drawn forth latent beauties in several verses, by slight changes in the punctuation, equally judicious and acute.

Dr. Hare gave the following character of Bentley's edition of Horace: "When I consider how small a book Horace is, how much he has been the delight and admiration of the learned at all times, what pains the ablest criticks have taken with him, and that if others have done nothing, it seems to be for no other reason but that they thought there was nothing left for them; when I make these reflections, and consider on the other hand what one man has been able to do, after so many great names, who had the use of no manuscripts but what seemed already to have been exhausted, and wanted many of the best, it is hard to say, whether the pleasure or the admiration were the greater with which I read this incomparable work. A man must have very little acquaintance with the ancients, or have no taste for their writings, who can forbear greatly admiring, or being greatly pleased with a performance, wherein exactness and perspicuity, life, spirit, beauty, and order are restored to so many places which were before corrupted, or misplaced, or obscured, for want of being rightly read, or truly understood: for want of an emendation of the text, or of knowing the history or custom pointed at, or the passages of the Greek poets, which Horace directly imitated, or the more secret allusions, which he was above all the Latins happy in."

In 1713 a new edition of Bentley's Horace was published by the

Wetsteins, at Amsterdam. They procured a corrected copy from the Doctor, removed the notes from the end,\* and placed them under the text, in which they inserted all the additional corrections. They likewise added the verbal index of Horace, which Aveman had compiled with great labour; and the emendations of Bentley, and several important quotations incorporated into it by Isaac Verburg, who was afterwards well known as the editor of Cicero. By these judicious improvements, the Dutch edition is rendered far superiour to that published at Cambridge.

It was the fate of Bentley to be constantly baited by his enemies, who were more numerous than powerful. The first literary character, perhaps, of this age remarked, that "Abuse was only the rebound of praise;" and, indeed, it is vain to censure those whom none commend. The merit of this great critick roused the envy of the half learned, who gave full scope to their malignity.

In 1712 came out "The Odes of Horace, in Latin and English; with a translation of Dr. Bentley's notes, to which are added *notes upon notes*; done in the Bentleian style and manner." A translation of the dedication, preface, epodes, and life of Horace by Suetonius, were afterwards published to complete this work, which appeared in twenty-four parts, and forms two volumes.

The Odes are translated into English verse by different authors,

...

\* The custom of placing notes at the end of a work has been adopted by several writers. But surely it is a custom "more honoured in the breach, than the observance." We observe, that the celebrated historian, Mr. Gibbon, has inserted the notes and text in the same page, in his latter volumes, though he placed them at the end of the first.

and in some of them there is poetry and elegance in the version. In the *notes upon notes* there is a greater display of wit and pleasantry, than of criticism. Bentley's remarks are abridged, and the authorities which he has cited are sometimes quoted by reference, and sometimes suppressed. The language of the translated *notes* is coarse and vulgar, and that of the *notes upon notes* is not more elegant. We do not think that the authors of this publication were ever discovered. It is not, indeed, of much consequence who they were, as, in our opinion, they have

not executed the design which they proposed in their preface with much spirit or humour. Some of Bentley's notes are arrogant, and several of his corrections are hazardous, but this publication does not seem calculated either by its weight or ingenuity to expose the critick's haughtiness or boldness. The title of *Bentivoglio*, which is assigned to the Doctor in the first of these notes, was borrowed from the Dialogues of the Dead, which King wrote, during the dispute about Phalaris, in order to ridicule Bentley.

(*To be continued.*)

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 REMARKER.

No. 11.

*Non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco.*

THE pursuit of happiness is the grand object of human life, which is generally wasted in striving to attain a phantom that is not found to be illusive, till it is too late to profit by the discovery. Each individual seems happy to the rest, because he who cannot deceive himself, gratifies his vanity by deceiving the rest of society. The superficial observer mistakes the affected simper, the heartless laugh, for that generous cheerfulness of temper, and gaiety of heart, the rarest gifts of heaven. Many of those who seem to join the outward pomp to the inward possession of happiness, are consuming life in "splendid misery."

Many abandon the idea of being happy, and confine their ambition to appearing so to others. Society seems gay, the surface is decked in the gayest colours; like some of those mountains whose sides are covered with verdure and flowers, but beneath the exterior crust it is a dreary, confused mixture of

warring materials, that every moment menace explosion and ruin.

That nothing should be wanting to facilitate the grand pursuit, that the simple and unwary should be placed on their guard, rules for the attainment of happiness have been given with as much precision as demonstrations of mathematical problems, with as much variety as receipts for cooking, and as much fashion as modes of dress. Some strive to be happy by rule, and are as successful, as a physician who acts only on theory. Some dread system, and are the sport of every accident; they are driven like a fallen leaf, now aloft in air, now fluttering in the dust, till the fatal blast immerses them in the pool of oblivion. Some have solaced their own discontents, not by describing what are the means of attaining happiness, but by guarding the heedless against some of the errors that occasion failure in the pursuit. Those who are already far advanced in the journey of life,

have often warned the crowd who are following, not to entertain too sanguine hopes of the objects on the way, which they behold in the flattering deceptions of perspective, but which those who have passed look back upon with contempt and disappointment.

But it is not alone to an extravagant appreciation of the various amusements and employments of life, that we owe our vexations and sufferings; various causes combine to produce that satiety and discontent, which, if concealed by a few, is felt by all.

Among these, one of the most common, fruitful, natural, but inexcusable, is a wrong estimate of the character of our friends. In despite of experience, we are constantly forming calculations, which we know will be falsified. We fret to-day for what vexed us yesterday; and our feelings have been wounded in the very same manner they have been a thousand times before. Yet we shall repeat to-morrow the same faults, and nourish peevishness and mortification, because we still calculate upon what men ought to be, not on what they are.

While the sinews of the mind, as well as those of the body, are yet flexible, before age and habit have moulded the temper of the one, or the carriage of the other; it is laudable to inculcate every generous and virtuous precept, to confer every exteriour grace and polish that will make the possessor useful and beloved. But when education has completed her task, when moral and physical habits are formed, and the characteristic marks are so strongly impressed, that time will only stiffen and confirm them, then we should be contented with what education has ac-

complished, and not weakly repine that it has atchieved no more. After the character has once acquired its tone, and intercourse with society has raised or depressed it to the capacity and disposition of the individual; the attempt to change it would be no less absurd, than to see those whose persons are stiffened by age, attempt to acquire, from the skill of a dancing master, the flexible movements and graceful positions that can only be attained when the limbs are pliable, and the blood frolicks in the veins.

Should every one reflect, what a large portion of those little sorrows and vexations, that fritter away existence, would be obviated by expecting no more from those about us, than what their character authorizes, he would endeavour to correct his expectations, and chastise his wishes. Yet I have known persons, who for thirty years have calculated upon qualities in others, which the experience of the same period had too frequently convinced them did not exist, and were perpetually hoping for opinions and actions, which a little reflection would have convinced them they had no right to expect.

Every man has some virtues, no one but who has many faults. It would be infatuation to expect from Iulus the strength of Entellus. Let us rejoice then in the good qualities of our friends, and excuse their faults; and if we strictly guard against expecting from them talents and feelings which we know they do not possess, we shall dry up one copious source of disappointment and vexation.

Translated for the Anthology from the Cours de Literature of La Harpe.

BRITANNICUS.

GENIUS is brilliant from its birth. A splendour is cast around it by its first rays. It is the day-star, which, arising from the brink of the horizon, illuminates by the first appearance of its full orb the whole extent of the heavens. The eyes of men are dazzled, and their minds humiliated and overwhelmed by the splendour that assails them. Such are the first effects of genius ; but this sudden and lively impression is, by degrees, softened and effaced. Man, recovered from his first astonishment, looks up, and dares to observe with a fixed attention that which at first he had only admired in confusion. He soon becomes accustomed and familiarised with the object of his respect, and is soon disposed to search for faults and defects to such a degree, as even to invent them. It seems as if he wished to avenge himself for the surprise obtained over his vanity, and genius has time enough to pass, in expiating by a long course of outrages, that moment of glory and triumph, which could not be refused it by that humanity which it subdues at first sight.

Such was the treatment received by the author of *Andromache*. They opposed him at first to *Corneille* ; and this was great praise, if we recollect the admiration, so just and so profound, which must have been inspired by the author of the *Cid*, of *Cinna*, and the *Horaces*, until that time without a rival, master of the field, and surrounded with his trophies. The personal enemies of this great man saw, no doubt with pleasure, a young poet arising, who promised

to divide France, and share in her applause ; but these enemies at that time were few in number. His old age, unfortunately too fruitful in productions unworthy of him, consoled them for his former successes. On the contrary, the superiority of Racine, from this moment so decisive and so brilliant, must have spread terror among all those who aspired to the palm of tragedy.

It is easily conceived, how much a success like that of *Andromache* must have excited the jealousy of all who aspired to glory in the same career. To that numerous party of inferior writers, who, without loving one another and without harmonizing in any thing else, always combine as it were by instinct against talents that threaten them, were united that species of men, who, transported by an exclusive enthusiasm, had declared that *Corneille* never would be equalled, and who were determined that Racine should not dare to give them the lie. Add to all these interests against him that secret disposition which, in its foundation, is not wholly unjust, and which inclines us to proportion the severity of our judgments to the merit of the man who is to be judged. Such were the obstacles which opposed Racine after *Andromache* appeared, and when *Britannicus* was presented, envy was under arms.

Envy, that passion so odious and so vile that it is never pitied miserable as it is, never breaks out with more fury than in the contentions of the theatre. It is there that it encounters talents in all the

splendour of its powers. It is there that it loves to combat eminence; it is there that it attacks it with so much the greater advantage, that it can conceal the hand that strikes the blow. Confounded in a tumultuous crowd, it is not obliged to blush. It has moreover so little to do, and the theatrical enthusiasm is so feeble and so easily disturbed, the judgments of men there assembled are dependent on so many circumstances, over which the author has no control, and are decided by motives sometimes so trifling that, whenever a party has been formed against a good dramattick work, the success of it has been impeded or retarded. Examples are not wanting; but if I had only that of *Britannicus*, abandoned in its first representation, would not this be sufficient?

We see by the preface which the author placed at the head of the first edition of his piece, that he warmly resented this injustice. It is but too customary to allege this kind of sensibility, as a crime in men of talents, although there is none perhaps more excusable, or more natural. No doubt there would be much philosophy in detaching ourselves entirely from our works the moment we have composed them; but I demand of those, who know a little of the human heart, how this cold indifference can be compatible with that divinity of imagination, which is necessary to produce a good tragedy? To require things so contrary is to be as reasonable as the woman in *La Fontaine*, who wanted a husband neither cold nor jealous. The fabulist judiciously adds, "Mark well these two points."

I know the vulgar objection, that an author cannot judge himself. No, to be sure, not when a work

comes first out of his hands; and indeed at no other time, if he is but an ordinary man: in this case he is no more capable of judging, than of writing well: he sees no excellence beyond what he has reached. But experience proves, that, after the moment of composition, a man of superiour talents and information can judge himself, as well and even better than any other. I shall produce very striking proofs of this, when I come to speak of *Voltaire*. At present all that I require is, that we pardon Racine for having had reason to be angry, when his judges were in the wrong to condemn him.

The publick soon recovered from its error; *Britannicus* remained in possession of the stage; and Racine, in an edition of his collected works, suppressed his first preface. We readily pardon injustice, when it is repaired. He had not however forgotten it: this is manifest from the manner, in which he expresses himself concerning the fortune of this tragedy. "You see here, of all my pieces, that on which, I can truly say, I have laboured with the greatest care. Nevertheless I acknowledge, that the success of it at first was not answerable to my hopes. It had scarcely appeared upon the stage, when there arose a host of criticks, who threatened its destruction. I thought indeed that its destiny would be less happy, than that of my other tragedies; but finally it happened to this piece, as it will always to works that have some merit....the criticks have disappeared, and the piece remains. It is at this time, of all my productions, that which the court and the city see repeated with the most satisfaction; and if I have done any thing which has any solidity, and which merits any praise, the greatest part of the bes

judges agree in opinion this it is, this same *Britannicus*." Voltaire, too, seems to be of this opinion. He has somewhere said, "*Britannicus* is the tragedy of the connoisseurs." Nevertheless he esteemed *Athalie* before it for the merit of invention and the sublimity of the style, and *Andromache* and *Iphigenia* for theatrical effect. But, it will be said, if this effect is the first object of the art, how can there be any thing that the connoisseurs prefer? I answer, nothing surely, when to this effect are united the other sorts of beauties, which the same art admits, as in *Iphigenia* and *Andromache*. But these connoisseurs distinguish that in a work, which the nature of the subject affords to the author, from that, which he can owe only to himself. We have pieces upon the stage which draw many tears from the audience, which, nevertheless, have not procured any great reputation to their authors; for example, *Ariane* and *Inès*. Why? It is because, with much interest, they fail in many other qualities, which constitute dramatical perfection; and the feebleness of other productions of the same authors have shown, that a man of ordinary talents, in treating of certain situations, more easy to manage than others, and more naturally interesting, may obtain success; whereas there are other subjects, in which the author cannot support himself, but by the most exalted abilities in all parts of the art, and by beauties, which belong only to the greatest talents: and of this kind is *Britannicus*.

The circumstance which excites pity in this piece is the mutual love of *Britannicus* and *Junia*, and the death of the young prince; but love is here much less tragical, and has an effect much less

sensible, than in *Andromache*. Nevertheless the union of the two lovers is traversed by the jealousy of Nero; the life of the prince is threatened, as soon as the character of the tyrant is developed, and his death is the catastrophe, which terminates the piece. What is the reason, then, that love produces here impressions much less lively, than in *Andromache*? If we search for the reason of this, we shall find, that the study of tragedy is at the same time the study of the heart. I have remarked, at the theatre, that love, combated by foreign obstacles, however interesting it may be even in that case, is never so much so, as it is by the torments which arise from itself; and afterwards comparing the theatre with nature, of which it is the image, I have been convinced that this relation is exact, and that the greatest evils of love are not commonly those which happen to it from abroad, but those which it makes for itself. Nothing is so much to be dreaded by lovers as their own heart. Difficulties, dangers, absence, separation, nothing bears any comparison with the torments of jealousy, the suspicion of infidelity, the horrors of treachery. I shall have occasion to apply and to investigate this principle, when I come to examine, why *Zaire* and *Tancrede* are the two pieces, in which love is the most distressing, and cause our tears to flow in the greatest abundance and the most bitterness.

*Junia* and *Britannicus* are two very young persons, who love each other with all the sincerity, good faith, and candour of their age. A painting of their love could offer nothing but the softest touches. Their passions are as ingenuous as their characters. They are

sure of each other, and if the artifice of Nero causes to Britannicus one moment of inquietude, it cannot excite him to any desperation, and one moment afterwards he is reassured. This love therefore has nothing in it to take a strong possession of the souls of the spectators, which we cannot entirely command but by strong and multiplied shocks. The death of Britannicus, therefore, related in the fifth act, in the presence of Junia, produces more of horror for Nero, than of compassion for her; her love has not occupied place enough in the piece for the catastrophe to make a very lively impression. The soft and feeble character of Junia excites no apprehensions of any terrible, and the resolution she takes to place herself in the number of the vestal virgins, tho' conformable enough to the manners and decorum of the age, is not a very tragical, event. This fifth act is therefore the feeble part of the work, and it is that which gave the greatest advantage to the enemies of Racine. But they closed their eyes to the beauties of the four former acts; beauties of such excellence, that for a century they seem to have been

every day more sensibly felt, and to have excited increasing admiration. The enemies of the author, to console themselves under the success of *Andromache*, had said, that it was true, he understood how to treat of love; but that this was all his talent; that he would never be able to design characters with the vigour of *Corneille*, nor to treat like him of the policy of courts. Such is the course of prejudice: they take revenge, for the talents which they cannot refuse to a writer, by refusing him those which he has not yet attempted to employ. Burrhus, Agrippina, Narcissus, and above all Nero, were a terrible answer to these unjust prepossessions. But this answer was not at first understood. The merit of a piece, which united the art of *Tacitus* with that of *Virgil*, escaped the observation of the greatest number of spectators. The word *politicks* is not once pronounced; but the policy which reigns in courts, more or less in proportion as they are more or less corrupted, has never been painted in characters so true, so profound, and so energetick, and the colours are worthy of the design.

*To be continued.*

### GOLDSMITH AND JOHNSON.

The following is an extract from the "Memoirs of Richard Cumberland, written by himself," a very interesting work, which has just appeared from the press of Messrs. Bristan & Brannan, of New York.

AT this time I did not know Oliver Goldsmith even by person; I think our first meeting chanced to be at the British-Coffee-House; when we came together, we very speedily coalesced, and I believe he forgave me for all the little fame I had got by the success of my *West-Indian*, which had put him to some trouble, for it was not his nature to be unkind, and I

had soon an opportunity of convincing him how incapable I was of harbouring resentment, and how zealously I took my share in what concerned his interest and reputation. That he was fantastically and whimsically vain all the world knows, but there was no settled and inherent malice in his heart. He was tenacious to a ridiculous extreme of certain pre-

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tensions, that did not, and by nature could not, belong to him, and at the same time inexcusably careless of the fame, which he had powers to command. His table-talk was, as Garrick aptly compared it, like that of a parrot, whilst he wrote like Apollo; he had gleams of eloquence, and at times a majesty of thought, but in general his tongue and his pen had two very different styles of talking. What foibles he had he took no pains to conceal, the good qualities of his heart were too frequently obscured by the carelessness of his conduct, and the frivolity of his manners. Sir Joshua Reynolds was very good to him, and would have drilled him into better trim and order for society, if he would have been amenable, for Reynolds was a perfect gentleman, had good sense, great propriety with all the social attributes, and all the graces of hospitality, equal to any man. He well knew how to appreciate men of talents, and how near a-kin the Muse of poetry was to that art, of which he was so eminent a master. From Goldsmith he caught the subject of his famous Ugolino; what aids he got from others, if he got any, were worthily bestowed and happily applied.

There is something in Goldsmith's prose, that to my ear is uncommonly sweet and harmonious; it is clear, simple, easy to be understood; we never want to read his period twice over, except for the pleasure it bestows; obscurity never calls us back to a repetition of it. That he was a poet there is no doubt, but the paucity of his verses does not allow us to rank him in that high station, where his genius might have carried him. There must be bulk, variety, and grandeur of design to constitute a first-rate poet. The

Deserted Village, Traveller, and Hermit are all specimens beautiful as such, but they are only birds eggs on a string, and eggs of small birds too. One great magnificent *whole* must be accomplished before we can pronounce upon the *maker* to be the *ὁ ποιητής*. Pope himself never earned this title by a work of any magnitude but his Homer, and that, being a translation, only constitutes him an accomplished versifier. Distress drove Goldsmith upon undertakings, neither congenial with his studies, nor worthy of his talents. I remember him, when in his chamber in the Temple, he shewed me the beginning of his *Animated Nature*; it was with a sigh, such as genius draws, when hard necessity diverts it from its bent to drudge for bread, and talk of birds and beasts and creeping things, which Piddcock's show-man would have done as well. Poor fellow, he hardly knew an ass from a mule, nor a turkey from a goose, but when he saw it on the table. But publishers hate poetry, and Paternoster-Row is not Parnassus. Even the mighty Doctor Hill, who was not a very delicate feeder, could not make a dinner out of the press till by a happy transformation into Hannah Glass, he turned himself into a cook, and sold receipts for made dishes to all the savoury readers in the kingdom. Then indeed the press acknowledged him second in fame only to John Bunyan; his feasts kept pace in sale with Nelson's fasts, and when his own name was fairly written out of credit, he wrote himself into immortality under an alias. Now though necessity, or I should rather say the desire of finding money for a masquerade, drove Oliver Goldsmith upon abridging histories, and turning Buffon into

English, yet I much doubt if, without that spur, he would ever have put his Pegasus into action ; no, if he had been rich, the world would have been poorer than it is by the loss of all the treasures of his genius and the contributions of his pen.

.....

Who will say that Johnson himself would have been such a champion in literature, such a front-rank soldier in the fields of fame, if he had not been pressed into the service, and driven on to glory with the bayonet of sharp necessity pointed at his back ? If fortune had turned him into a field of clover, he would have laid down and rolled in it. The mere manual labour of writing would not have allowed his lassitude and love of ease to have taken the pen out of the inkhorn, unless the cravings of hunger had reminded him that he must fill the sheet before he saw the table-cloth. He might indeed have knocked down Osbourne for a blockhead, but he would not have knocked him down with a folio of his own writing. He would perhaps have been the dictator of a club, and wherever he sate down to conversation, there must have been that splash of strong, bold thought about him, that we might still have had a collectanea after his death ; but of prose I guess not much, of works of labour none, of fancy perhaps something more, especially of poetry, which under favour I conceive was not his tower of strength. I think we should have had his *Rasselas* at all events, for he was likely enough to have written at Voltaire, and brought the question to the test, if infidelity is any aid to wit. An orator he must have been ; not improbably a parliamentarian, and, if such, certainly

an oppositionist, for he preferred to talk against the tide. He would indubitably have been no member of the Whig Club, no partisan of Wilkes, no friend of Hume, no believer in Macpherson ; he would have put up prayers for early rising, and laid in bed all day, and with the most active resolutions possible been the most indolent mortal living. He was a good man by nature, a great man by genius ; we are now to inquire what he was by compulsion.

Johnson's first style was naturally energetick, his middle style was turgid to a fault, his latter style was softened down and harmonized into periods, more tuneful and more intelligible. His execution was rapid, yet his mind was not easily provoked into exertion ; the variety we find in his writings was not the variety of choice arising from the impulse of his proper genius, but tasks imposed upon him by the dealers in ink, and contracts on his part submitted to in satisfaction of the pressing calls of hungry want ; for, painful as it is to relate, I have heard that illustrious scholar assert (and he never varied from the truth of fact) that he subsisted himself for a considerable space of time upon the scanty pittance of four-pence half-penny per day. How melancholy to reflect that his vast trunk and stimulating appetite were to be supported by what will barely feed the weaned infant ! Less, much less, than master Betty has earned in one night, would have cheered the mighty mind, and maintained the athletic body of Samuel Johnson in comfort and abundance for a twelvemonth. Alas ! I am not fit to paint his character : nor is there need of it ; *Etiam mortuus loquitur* ; Every man, who can

buy a book, has bought a *Boswell* ; Johnson is known to all the reading world. I also knew him well, respected him highly, loved him sincerely : it was never my chance to see him in those moments of moroseness and ill humour, which are imputed to him, perhaps with truth, for who would slander him ? But I am not warranted by any experience of those humours to speak of him otherwise than of a friend, who always met me with kindness, and from whom I never separated without regret. When I sought his company he had no capricious excuses for withholding it, but lent himself to every invitation with cordiality, and brought good humour with him, that gave life to the circle he was in. He presented himself always in his fashion of apparel ; a brown coat with metal buttons, black waistcoat and worsted stockings, with a flowing bob wig, was the style of his wardrobe, but they were in perfectly good trim, and with the ladies, which he generally met, he had nothing of the slovenly philosopher about him ; he fed heartily, but not voraciously, and was extremely courteous in his commendations of any dish that pleased his palate ; he suffered his next neighbour to squeeze the China oranges into his wine glass after dinner, which else perchance had gone aside, and trickled into his shoes, for the good man had neither straight sight nor steady nerves.

At the tea-table he had considerable demands upon his favourite beverage, and I remember when Sir Joshua Reynolds, at my house, reminded him that he had drank eleven cups, he replied—" Sir, I did not count your glasses of wine, why should you number up my cups of tea ?" And then laughing

in perfect good humour, he added—" Sir, I should have released the lady from any further trouble, if it had not been for your remark ; but you have reminded me that I want one of the dozen, and I must request Mrs. Cumberland to round up my number—" When he saw the readiness and complacency, with which my wife obeyed his call, he turned a kind and cheerful look upon her, and said—" Madam, I must tell you for your comfort, you have escaped much better than a certain lady did a while ago, upon whose patience I intruded greatly, more than I have done on yours ; but the lady asked me for no other purpose but to make a Zany of me, and set me gabbling to a parcel of people I knew nothing of ; so, madam, I had my revenge of her : for I swallowed five and twenty cups of her tea, and did not treat her with as many words—" I can only say my wife would have made tea for him as long as the New River could have supplied her with water.

It was on such occasions he was to be seen in his happiest moments, when animated by the cheering attention of friends whom he liked, he would give full scope to those talents for narration, in which I verily think he was unrivalled, both in the brilliancy of his wit, the flow of his humour, and the energy of his language. Anecdotes of times past, scenes of his own life, and characters of humourists, enthusiasts, crack-brained projectors, and a variety of strange beings, that he had chanced upon, when detailed by him at length, and garnished with those episodic remarks, sometimes comick, sometimes grave, which he would throw in with infinite fertility of fancy, were a treat, which, though not always to be

purchased by five and twenty cups of tea, I have often had the happiness to enjoy for less than half the number. He was easily led into topicks; it was not easy to turn him from them; but who would wish it? If a man wanted to shew himself off, by getting up and riding upon him, he was sure to run restive and kick him off: you might as safely have backed Bucephalus, before Alexander had lunged him. Neither did he always like to be over-fondled; when a certain gentleman out-acted his part in this way, he is said to have demanded of him—"What provokes your risibility, Sir? Have I said any thing that you understand?—Then I ask pardon of the rest of the company—" But this is Henderson's anecdote of him, and I won't swear he did not make it himself. The following apology, however, I myself drew from him, when speaking of his tour, I observed to him upon some passages as rather too sharp upon a country and people, who had entertained him so handsomely—"Do you think so, Cumbey?" he replied, "Then I give you leave to say, and you may quote me for it, that there are more gentlemen in Scotland than there are shoes."

.....

Oliver Goldsmith began at this time to write for the stage, and it is to be lamented that he did not begin at an earlier period of life to turn his genius to dramatick compositions, and much more to be lamented, that, after he had begun, the succeeding period of his life was so soon cut off. There is no doubt but his genius, when more familiarised to the business, would have inspired him to accomplish great things. His first comedy of *The Good-natured Man* was read

and applauded in its manuscript by Edmund Burke, and the circle in which he then lived and moved: under such patronage it came with those testimonials to the director of Covent Garden theatre, as could not fail to open all the avenues to the stage, and bespeak all the favour and attention from the performers and the publick, that the applauding voice of him, whose applause was fame itself, could give it. This comedy has enough to justify the good opinion of its literary patron, and secure its author against any loss of reputation, for it has the stamp of a man of talents upon it, though its popularity with the audience did not quite keep pace with the expectations, that were grounded on the fiat it had antecedently been honoured with. It was a first effort however, and did not discourage its ingenious author from invoking his Muse a second time. It was now, whilst his labours were in projection, that I first met him at the British Coffee-house, as I have already related somewhat out of place. He dined with us as a visitor, introduced as I think by sir Joshua Reynolds, and we held a consultation upon the naming of his comedy, which some of the company had read, and which he detailed to the rest after his manner with a great deal of good humour. Somebody suggested—*She Stoops to Conquer*—and that title was agreed upon. When I perceived an embarrassment in his manner towards me, which I could readily account for, I lost no time to put him at his ease, and I flatter myself I was successful. As my heart was ever warm towards my contemporaries, I did not counterfeit, but really felt a cordial interest in his behalf, and I had soon the pleasure to perceive

that he credited me for my sincerity—"You and I," said he, "have very different motives for resorting to the stage. I write for money, and care little about fame—" I was touched by this melancholy confession, and from that moment busied myself assiduously amongst all my connexions in his cause. The whole company pledged themselves to the support of the ingenuous poet, and faithfully kept their promise to him. In fact he needed all that could be done for him, as Mr. Colman, then manager of Covent Garden theatre, protested against the comedy, when as yet he had not struck upon a name for it. Johnson at length stood forth in all his terrors as champion for the piece, and backed by us his clients and retainers demanded a fair trial. Colman again protested, but, with that salvo for his own reputation, liberally lent his stage to one of the most eccentric productions, that ever found its way to it, and *She Stoops to Conquer* was put into rehearsal.

We were not over-sanguine of success, but perfectly determined to struggle hard for our author: we accordingly assembled our strength at the Shakspeare Tavern in a considerable body for an early dinner, where Samuel Johnson took the chair at the head of a long table, and was the life and soul of the corps: the poet took post silently by his side with the Burkes, sir Joshua Reynolds, Fitzherbert, Caleb Whitefoord and a phalanx of North-British predetermined applauders, under the banner of Major Mills, all good men and true. Our illustrious president was in inimitable glee, and poor Goldsmith that day took all his raillery as patiently and complacently as my friend Boswell

would have done any day, or every day of his life. In the mean time we did not forget our duty, and though we had a better comedy going, in which Johnson was chief actor, we betook ourselves in good time to our separate and allotted posts, and waited the awful drawing up of the curtain. As our stations were pre-concerted, so were our signals for plaudits arranged and determined upon in a manner, that gave every one his cue where to look for them, and how to follow them up.

We had amongst us a very worthy and efficient member, long since lost to his friends and the world at large, Adam Drummond, of amiable memory, who was gifted by nature with the most sonorous, and at the same time the most contagious, laugh, that ever echoed from the human lungs. The neighing of the horse of the son of Hystaspes was a whisper to it; the whole thunder of the theatre could not drown it. This kind and ingenuous friend fairly forewarned us that he knew no more when to give his fire, than the cannon did that was planted on a battery. He desired therefore to have a flapper at his elbow, and I had the honour to be deputed to that office. I planted him in an upper box, pretty nearly over the stage, in full view of the pit and galleries, and perfectly well situated to give the echo all its play through the hollows and recesses of the theatre. The success of our manœuvres was complete. All eyes were upon Johnson, who sate in a front row of a side box, and when he laughed every body thought themselves warranted to roar. In the mean time my friend followed signals with a rattle so irresistibly comick, that, when he had repeated it several times, the attention

of the spectators was so engrossed by his person and performances, that the progress of the play seemed likely to become a secondary object, and I found it prudent to insinuate to him that he might halt his musick without any prejudice to the author; but alas, it was now too late to rein him in; he had laughed upon my signal where he found no joke, and now unluckily he fancied that he found a joke in almost every thing that was said; so that nothing in nature could be more mal-a-propos than some of his bursts every now and then were. These were dangerous moments, for the pit began to take umbrage; but we carried our play through, and triumphed not only over Colman's judgment, but our own.

As the life of poor Oliver Goldsmith was now fast approaching to its period, I conclude my account of him with gratitude for the epitaph he bestowed on me in his poem called *Retaliation*. It was upon a proposal started by Edmund Burke, that a party of friends who had dined together at sir Joshua Reynolds's and my house, should meet at the St. James's Coffee-House, which accordingly took place, and was occasionally repeated with much festivity and good fellowship. Dr. Bernard, Dean of Derry, a very amiable and old friend of mine, Dr. Douglas, since Bishop of Salisbury, Johnson, David Garrick, sir Joshua Reynolds, Oliver Goldsmith, Edmund and Richard Burke, Hickey, with two or three others constituted our party. At one of these meetings an idea was suggested of extemporary epitaphs upon the parties present; pen and ink were called for, and Garrick off hand wrote an epitaph with a good deal of humour upon poor Goldsmith, who was

the first in jest, as he proved to be in reality, that we committed to the grave. The dean also gave him an epitaph, and sir Joshua illuminated the dean's verses with a sketch of his bust in pen and ink, inimitably caricatured. Neither Johnson nor Burke wrote any thing, and when I perceived Oliver was rather sore, and seemed to watch me with that kind of attention, which indicated his expectation of something in the same kind of burlesque as their's, I thought it time to press the joke no further, and wrote a few couplets at a side-table, which when I had finished and was called upon by the company to exhibit, Goldsmith with much agitation besought me to spare him, and I was about to tear them, when Johnson wrested them out of my hand, and in a loud voice read them at the table. I have now lost all recollection of them, and in fact they were little worth remembering; but as they were serious and complimentary, the effect they had upon Goldsmith was the more pleasing for being so entirely unexpected. The concluding line, which is the only one I can call to mind, was—

“All mourn the poet, I lament the man—.”

This I recollect, because he repeated it several times, and seemed much gratified by it. At our next meeting he produced his epitaphs as they stand in the little posthumous poem above mentioned, and this was the last time he ever enjoyed the company of his friends.

As he had served up the company under the similitude of various sorts of meat, I had in the mean time figured them under that of liquors, which little poem I rather think was printed, but of this I am not sure. Goldsmith sickened and died, and we had one concluding meeting at my house,

when it was decided to publish his *Retaliation*, and Johnson at the same time undertook to write an epitaph for our lamented friend, to whom we proposed to erect a monument by subscription in Westminster-Abbey. This epitaph Johnson executed; but in the criticism, that was attempted against it, and in the Round-Robin signed at Mr. Beauclerc's house I had no part. I had no acquaintance with that gentleman, and was never in his house in my life.

Thus died Oliver Goldsmith in his chambers in the Temple at a period of life, when his genius was yet in its vigour, and fortune seemed disposed to smile upon him. I have heard Dr. Johnson relate with infinite humour the circumstance of his rescuing him from a ridiculous dilemma by the purchase-money of his *Vicar of Wakefield*, which he sold on his behalf to Dodsley, and, as I think, for the sum of ten pounds only. He had run up a debt with his landlady for board and lodging of some few pounds, and was at his wit's-end how to wipe off the score and keep a roof over his head, except by closing with a very staggering proposal on her part, and taking his creditor to wife, whose charms were very far

from alluring, whilst her demands were extremely urgent. In this crisis of his fate he was found by Johnson in the act of meditating on the melancholy alternative before him. He shewed Johnson his manuscript of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, but seemed to be without any plan, or even hope, of raising money upon the disposal of it; when Johnson cast his eye upon it, he discovered something that gave him hope, and immediately took it to Dodsley, who paid down the price above-mentioned in ready-money, and added an eventual condition upon its future sale. Johnson described the precautions he took in concealing the amount of the sum he had in hand, which he prudently administered to him by a guinea at a time. In the event he paid off the landlady's score, and redeemed the person of his friend from her embraces. Goldsmith had the joy of finding his ingenious work succeed beyond his hopes, and from that time began to place a confidence in the resources of his talents, which thenceforward enabled him to keep his station in society, and cultivate the friendship of many eminent persons, who, whilst they smiled at his eccentricities, esteemed him for his genius and good qualities.

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## LITERATURE OF NORTH-CAROLINA.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman at Raleigh, N. C. to the Editors of the *Anthology*, Feb. 24.

AN account of the literature of this State might be comprized in a single page, and if the length of the account was regarded only in the proportion it bears to its interest, that page would be deemed tedious. There are only ten presses in the state, viz. two in Ra-

leigh, two in Newbern, and one in each of the towns of Edenton, Halifax, Wilmington, Fayetteville, Salisbury, and Warrenton. From each of these presses issues a weekly paper, except the one in Salisbury, which is employed in printing handbills and pamphlets.

The papers are compilations, and the few books published are law books and the doggrel hymns of religious enthusiasts, and now and then a trash novel, which is commonly exchanged for other trash at the Literary Fair. I will give as complete a list as I am able of all the original works ever published in this State, with a brief character annexed.

1. Haywood's Reports of Cases, decided in the Superiour Courts of this State. A valuable book, published by Hodge & Boylan, 1800. N. B. A second volume is now in the press of Wm. Boylan.

2. A Journey to Lake Drummond, by Lemuel Sawyer. The events are without interest; the remarks puerile, and the language the most superlative bombast. Published eight or ten years ago.

3. Matilda Berkley, a novel. About upon a level with the Massachusetts novel of the Coquette, or Eliza Wharton. Published by J. Gales in 1804.

4. Taylor's Reports of Cases, adjudged in the Supreme Court of North Carolina. Of a moderate reputation. Marlin & Ogden. 1802.

5. History of the Ketukick Baptist Association, by Burkit and Read. Boylan. 1804.

6. A Masonick Ritual, published under the direction of the G. Lodge of North Carolina. The best of the kind. Sims. 1806.

7. Davies's Calvary. An excellent system. Hodge. 1798.

Cameron's Law Reports are in the press of J. Gales, of which there are favourable expectations.

These are the only publications, which I recollect, that have assumed the dignity of a volume. Of political and religious pamphlets we have *quantum sufficit*. The Rev. Joseph Caldwell, president of the University of N. Carolina, is the

first scientifick and literary character in the State. He is now employed in writing a book on Mathematicks, intended as a school-book. Two sermons and an eulogium on Gen. Washington by him, which have been published separately in pamphlets, are handsome specimens of his abilities. I know of no other pamphlets that merit the respect of being named.

There is in this state one university and several academies, but none of them are supported by permanent funds. The university was founded about fourteen years ago, and received from the state a donation of all balances then due the state from revenue officers, all confiscated and escheat property, and a loan of \$20,000. To a "huge mishapen pile," which is placed on a high rocky eminence twenty-eight miles to the westward of this, has been given the name of the College, and a donation from Gen. Thomas Person built a neat chapel. After considerable difficulties were experienced on account of incompetent teachers and insurrections among the students, the institution, under the direction of Mr. Caldwell, two professors, and two tutors, acquired regularity & consistency in its exercises, when our enlightened legislature discovered that education was inconsistent with republicanism; that it created an aristocracy of the learned, who would trample upon the rights and liberties of the ignorant, and that an equality of intellect was necessary to preserve the equality of rights. Influenced by these wise and patriotick considerations, the legislature gave to themselves again, what they had before given to the University. The institution now languishes; Mr. Caldwell's anti-republican love of literature, and not the emoluments of his

office, induces him to preserve in existence by his influence even the shadow of a college. He is assisted by only one tutor; the funds do not permit the employment of more.

There is an excellent female academy, lately established by the Society of United Brethren (Moravians) at Salem. There are very good academies in Raleigh, Newbern, Fayetteville, Lewisburg, Warrenton, and two or three others. — A publick library has been found

ded in Newbern by a donation of \$500 from Thomas Tomlinson. It is divided into eighty shares of \$20 each; all the shares are filled, and the books purchased. It is contemplated to extend the number of shares to 120.

I know of no other publick libraries in the state, except one in Iredell county, established by a society called the Centre Benevolent Society, which has subsisted nearly twenty years.

## SILVA,

No. 17.

Purpureos metam flores, et flumine libam  
Summa.

I FORESEE that in writing this Silva I must frequently recur to the loose papers on my table, or to what is as loosely floating in my memory; and I hope for pardon from every one, who has himself attempted to compose in the first month of summer. In looking over the "Anatomy of Melancholy," some time since, I found the following verses with the reference *Politianus de Rustico*.

Felix ille animi, divisque simillimus ipsis,  
Quem non mordaci resplendens gloria fuco  
Solicitat; non fastosi mala gaudia luxus;  
Sed tacitos sinit ire dies et paupere cultu,  
Exigit innocuæ tranquilla silentia vitæ.

These verses are beautiful, but such uniform days would not constitute a happy life. It is strange, that any one, who knows himself to be human, should suppose, that he ever could, even when in health of mind, so divest himself of hope, as to live content; that tomorrow should be as to day. Common, quiet, and domestick pleasures do indeed constitute the most valuable part of our happiness; but to him alone are they delightful, who retires, to be conversant among them,

from manly, and, if I may so speak, progressive exertions. The following verses from Southey describe a kind of seclusion far less pleasing in prospect, than that of Politiano, but perhaps more conformable to human passions.

——— Of the world

Fatigued, and loathing at my fellow-men  
I shall be seen no more. There is a path,  
The eagle hath not marked it, the young wolf  
Knows not its hidden windings. I have trod  
That path and marked a melancholy cave,  
Where one, whose jaundiced soul abhors itself,  
May pamper him in complete wretchedness.  
There sepulchred, the ghost of what he was,  
Conrade shall dwell, and, in the languid hour,  
When the jarred senses sink to a sick calm,  
Shall mourn the waste of frenzy.

This passage is in the 4th Book of Joan of Arc. In writing the 3d, 4th, and 5th lines of it, Southey undoubtedly had in his memory the 7th and 8th verses of the 28th chapter of Job.

"There is a path, which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen.

"The lion's whelps have not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed by it."

—  
THE necessity of the alternation of rest and labour to our happiness

is expressed not inelegantly in the conclusion of the two following passages :

"Why, you have considered this matter very deeply," said Dr. Lyster, "but I must not have you give way to these serious reflections. Thought, after all, has a cruel spite against happiness. I would have you therefore keep as much as you conveniently can out of its company. Run about, and divert yourself; 'tis all you have for it. The true art of happiness, in this most whimsical world, seems to be nothing more than this: let those who have leisure find employment, and those who have business find leisure." *Cecilia.*

"We should have known ourselves to have been in the neighbourhood of some place larger than usual [Cologne] from the sight of two or three carriages on the road, nearly the first we had seen in Germany. There is, besides, some shew of labour in the adjoining villages; but the sallow countenances and miserable air of the people prove, that it is a labour not beneficial to them. The houses are only the desolated homes of these villagers, for there is not one of them that can be supposed to belong to any prosperous inhabitant of the neighbouring city, or to afford that coveted stillness, in which the active find an occasional reward, and the idle perpetual misery." *Mrs. Ratcliffe's Journey through Germany.*

—  
Οἱ πλείονες κακοί.

"ALL is little and low and mean among us," said Lord Bolingbroke, speaking of the state of England when he wrote. I will repeat his language, and apply it to my own country. All, which is most prominent and apparent among

us....all, which would first present itself to the view of a stranger, is little and low and mean. "Nos hic in republica infirma, misera, commutabilique versamur." It is the temper of democracy to crush every thing elegant, and to batter down every thing noble. In all countries where it prevails, there is an *ostracism*, whether visible or not, at constant war with talents and learning and virtue, with all qualities which may excite envy or claim superiority. In its worst state, it is the dominion of brute force and idiot violence. For my part, I have no wish to take any share in such a miserable sovereignty. I am willing to submit to those, on whom nature and education have conferred the right to rule.

—  
HUMAN NATURE.

*Alas, poor human nature!* is the most composing exclamation in the world. It diffuses among the species those feelings, which, if concentrated on an individual, would be anger or disgust, but which thus become little more than pity. When we meet with any thing harsh or unpleasant, it removes our consideration from the offence to the cause which produced it, and whether this be pride, or vanity, or ignorance, or ill-nature, we shall remember, that there are many men proud, and vain, and ignorant and ill-natured, and that it is hardly worth while to be exceedingly angry with one of these, because chance has unfortunately cast him in our way.

—  
LUCRETIVS.

THE beginning of the 4th book of Lucretius contains the common boast of poets that they are writing of "things unattempted yet,"

and his celebrated simile, by which he gives his reason for treating philosophical subjects in verse. The following is a translation, which was sometime since made of this passage.

## LUCRETIUS, b. iv. c. 1.

Now through the Muses' pathless plains I stray,  
Where no preceding footsteps mark the way;  
I drink delighted springs to me revealed,  
I pluck delighted flowers before concealed;  
Well pleased to weave a not ignoble crown,  
And veil my brows with honours yet unknown.  
For of high themes I sing, and would unbind  
Religion's fetters from the trembling mind;  
Obscure subjects treat in lucid verse,  
And all around poetick charms disperse  
With wise design; for as physicians use,  
When they harsh wormwood in a cup infuse  
For some sick child who loaths the med'cine much,  
With yellow honey all the brim to touch,  
And thus the unthinking boy allured to taste,  
Drains down the bitter juice with careless haste,  
By this kind art not cheated, though deceived,  
And thus from weakness and from pain relieved.  
So I, because to most my subject seems  
But harsh, and all the vulgar dread my themes,  
To woo the taste, Pierian sweets disperse,  
And grace my reasonings with the charms of verse.

The 9th and 10th lines are not, I believe, a correct translation, but I have not the original, and cannot determine. The sense I think is preserved, but not the expression. The 7th and 8th lines of the translation appear so harsh, that I will observe, that there are not many men, I suppose, who have learning enough to read and taste enough to be pleased with the poetry of Lucretius, who are not disgusted with his philosophy.

## SECUNDUS.

THE following are the original and a translation of the First Basium of Secundus, which treats of the origin of kisses. The classical reader will immediately recollect, that it is founded on the relation in the first book of the Æneid, of Venus removing her grandson Ascanius from the court of Dido. "At Venus Ascanio," &c. l. 694.

## BASIMUM I.

Cum Venus Ascanium super alta Cythera tulisset;  
Sopitum teneris imposuit violis;  
Albarum nimbos circumfudit rosarum,  
Et totum liquido sparfit odore locum.  
Mox veteres animo revocavit Adonidis igneis,  
Notus et irrepsit ima per ossa calor.  
O quoties voluit circumdare colla nepotis?  
O, quoties dixit? Talis Adonis erat.  
Sed placidum pueri metuens turbare quietem,  
Fixit vicinis Basia mille rosas.  
Ecce calent illæ; cupidæ per ora Diones  
Aura, susuranti flamine, lenta subit.  
Quotquot rosas tetigit, tot Basia nata repente  
Gaudia reddebant multiplicata Deæ.  
At Cytherea natans per nubila Cygnis,  
Ingentis terræ coepit obire globum;  
Triptolemiq: modo foecundis oscula glebis  
Sparfit, et ignotos ter dedit ore sonos.  
Inde seges felix nata est mortalibus ægris  
Inde medela meis unica nata malis.  
Salvete æternum! miseræ moderamina flammæ,  
Humida de gelidis Basia nata rosas.  
En ego sum, vestri quo vate canentur honores,  
Nota Medusæi dum juga montis erunt.  
Et memor Æneadum, stirpisque disertus amatæ  
Mollia Romulidum verba loquitur amor.

## TRANSLATION.

When Venus bore with fond delight  
Ascanius to Cythera's height,  
On violets rising to be prest  
She laid the blooming boy to rest;  
Clouds of white roses o'er him spread,  
And liquid fragrance round him shed.  
Then as she gazed, a well known flame  
With gentle tremors thrilled her frame,  
The boy had all Adonis' charms,  
How oft she longed to clasp her arms  
Around his neck; how oft she said,  
Adonis once such charms displayed.  
But fearful to disturb his rest,  
She on each rose a kiss imprest.  
And lo! they warm; with murmurs weak  
A soft air wantons o'er her cheek.  
Each rose she touched, a new-born kiss  
Glowed on her lips with novel bliss.  
Now floating where the thin clouds spread,  
Dione's car her white swans led,  
O'er the wide earth she slowly past,  
And on its fertile bosom cast  
Full many a kiss; her warm lips move,  
Thrice uttering unknown sounds of love.  
And hence a fruitful harvest rose  
For weary man oppressed with woes.  
Ye only med'cines of my grief,  
That sometimes give a short relief,  
Moist kisses from cold roses sprung,  
Your poet's verse shall long be sung;  
Long as the Muses' mount remains,  
Or love well learned in Latian strains,  
And pleased the Ænean race to own,  
Speaks the soft words to Romans known.

## SANS SOUCI.

Stealing and giving sweets.

SHAKESP.

IN the year 1784 Dr. Hunter first appeared before the world, in the character of an author, by the publication of two volumes of his Sacred Biography. The plan of this work he had conceived, we are told, when young; and so favourable was the reception it experienced, as to encourage him to extend it to seven volumes. Previous, however, to the publication of the latter part of this work, accident introduced him to an acquaintance with a French edition of Lavater's Physiognomy. 'Whatever opinions Dr. Hunter embraced, he embraced warmly.' He was struck with the novelty and originality of thought displayed in the essays of that writer; he became an enthusiast in the cause; and determined to translate them into English. The same ardent spirit which had induced Dr. H. to adopt this scheme, prompted him to make a journey to Zurich, for the sake of a personal interview with Lavater. In August 1787 he accordingly repaired thither. It might have been reasonably expected, that a proceeding so romantic would have been considered by Lavater as no common compliment to him. But he did not receive Dr. Hunter with that frankness or generosity, to which so distinguished a mark of respect seemed fairly to entitle him. Lavater was jealous of Dr. H.'s undertaking, and thought the English translation likely to injure the sale of the French edition, in which he was interested. By degrees, however, his scruples were overcome, and he finally opened himself to the Doctor without reserve. In a letter, written by the

latter gentleman from Bern, a portrait of Lavater is drawn, and a description of their last interview is given. This we consider as a curious literary morsel, and we shall make no apology for transcribing it into the Anthology.

"I was detained the whole morning by that strange, wild, eccentric, Lavater, in various conversations. When once he is set agoing, there is no such thing as stopping him, till he *run* himself out of breath. He starts from subject to subject, flies from book to book, from picture to picture; measures your nose, your eye, your mouth, with a pair of compasses; pours forth a torrent of physiognomy upon you; drags you, for a proof of his dogma, to a dozen of closets, and unfolds ten thousand drawings; but will not let you open your lips to propose a difficulty: crams a solution down your throat, before you have uttered half a syllable of your objection. He is meagre as the picture of famine; his nose and chin almost meet. I read him in my turn, and found little difficulty in discovering, amidst great genius, unaffected piety, unbounded benevolence, and moderate learning; much caprice and unsteadiness; a mind at once aspiring by nature, and grovelling through necessity; an endless turn to speculation and project:—in a word, a clever, flighty, good-natured necessitous man. He did not conceal his dread of my English translation, as he thinks it will materially affect the sale of the third and fourth volumes of his French edition, one of which is actually published, and the other in the press."

## POETRY.

## SMITH'S POEM

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. JOHN  
PHILIPS.

In 1709, a year after the exhibition of *Phædra*, died John Philips, the friend and fellow-collegian of Smith, who, on that occasion, wrote a poem, which justice must place among the best elegies which our language can shew, an elegant mixture of fondness and admiration, of dignity and softness. There are some passages too ludicrous; but every human performance has its faults.

JOHNSON.

SINCE our Isis silently deplores  
The bard who spread her fame to distant shores;  
Since nobler pens their mournful lays suspend,  
My honest zeal, if not my verse, commend,  
Forgive the poet, and approve the friend.  
Your care had long his fleeting life restrain'd,  
One table fed you, and one bed contain'd;  
For his dear sake long restless nights you bore,  
While rattling coughs his heaving vessels tore,  
Much was his pain, but your affliction more.  
Oh! had no summons from the noisy gown  
Call'd thee, unwilling, to the nauseous town,  
Thy love had o'er the dull disease prevail'd,  
Thy mirth had cur'd where baffled physick fail'd;  
But since the will of heaven his fate decreed,  
To thy kind care my worthless lines succeed;  
Fruitless our hopes, though pious our essays,  
Yours to preserve a friend, and mine to praise.

Oh! might I paint him in Miltonian verse,  
With strains like those he sung on Glo'ter's herse;  
But with the meaner tribe I'm forc'd to chime,  
And, wanting strength to rise, descend to rhyme.

With other fire his glorious Blenheim shines,  
And all the battle thunders in his lines;  
His nervous verse great Boileau's strength transcends,  
And France to Philips, as to Churchill, bends.

Oh! various bard, you all our powers control,  
You now disturb, and now divert the soul:  
Milton and Butler in thy muse combine,  
Above the last thy manly beauties shine;  
For as I've seen, when rival wits contend,  
One gayly charge, one gravely wife defend;  
This on quick turns and points in vain relies,  
This with a look demure, and steady eyes,  
With dry rebukes, or sneering praise, replies.

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So thy grave lines extort a juster smile,  
Reach Butler's fancy, but surpass his style;  
He speaks Scarron's low phrase in humble strains,  
In thee the solemn air of great Cervantes reigns.

What sounding lines his abject themes express!  
What shining words the pompous Shilling dress!  
There, there my cell, immortal made, outvies  
The frailer piles which o'er its ruins rise.  
In her best light the comick muse appears,  
When she, with borrow'd pride, the buskin wears.

So when nurse Nokes, to act young Ammon  
tries,  
With shambling legs, long chin, and foolish eyes;  
With dangling hands he strokes th' Imperial robe,  
And, with a cuckold's air, commands the globe;  
The pomp and sound the whole buffoon display'd,  
And Ammon's son more mirth than Gomez made.

Forgive, dear shade, the scene my folly draws,  
Thy strains divert the grief thy ashes cause:  
When Orpheus sings, the ghosts no more com-  
plain,

But, in his lulling musick, lose their pain:  
So charm the fallies of thy Georgick muse,  
So calm our sorrows, and our joys infuse;  
Here rural notes a gentle mirth inspire,  
Here lofty lines the kindling reader fire,  
Like that fair tree you praise, the poem charms,  
Cools like the fruit, or like the juice it warms.

Blest clime, which Vaga's fruitful streams im-  
prove,  
Etruria's envy, and her Cosmo's love;  
Redstreak he quaffs beneath the Chiant vine,  
Gives Tuscan yearly for thy Scudmore's wine,  
And ev'n his Tasso would exchange for thine.  
Rise, rise, Roscommon, see the Blenheim muse  
The dull constraint of monkish rhyme refuse;  
See, o'er the Alps his towering pinions soar,  
Where never English poet reach'd before:  
See mighty Cosmo's counsellor and friend,  
By turns on Cosmo and the bard attend;  
Rich in the coins and bulls of ancient Rome,  
In him he brings a nobler treasure home;  
In them he views her gods, and domes design'd,  
In him the soul of Rome, and Virgil's mighty  
mind:  
To him for ease retires from toils of state,  
Not half so proud to govern, as translate.

Our Spenser, first by Pisan poets taught,  
Tous their tales, their style, and numbers brought.  
To follow ours, now Tuscan bards descend,  
From Philips borrow, though to Spenser lend,  
Like Philips too the yoke of rhyme disdain;  
They first on English bards impos'd the chain,  
First by an English bard from rhyme their free-  
dom gain.

Tyrannick rhyme that cramps to equal chime  
The gay, the soft, the florid, and sublime;

Some say this chain the doubtful sense decides,  
 Confines the fancy, and the judgment guides ;  
 I'm sure in needless bonds it poets ties,  
 Procrustes-like, the ax or wheel applies,  
 To lop the mangled sense, or stretch it into size :  
 At best a crutch, that lifts the weak along,  
 Supports the feeble, but retards the strong ;  
 And the chance thoughts, when govern'd by the  
 close,

Oft rise to fustian, or descend to prose.  
 Your judgment, Philips, rul'd with steady sway,  
 You us'd no curbing rhyme, the Muse to stay,  
 To stop her fury, or direct her way.  
 Thee on the wing thy uncheck'd vigour bore,  
 To wanton freely, or securely soar.

So the stretch'd cord the shackle-dancer tries,  
 As prone to fall, as impotent to rise ;  
 When freed he moves, the sturdy cable bends,  
 He mounts with pleasure, and secure descends ;  
 Now dropping seems to strike the distant ground,  
 Now high in air his quivering feet rebound.

Rail on, ye triflers, who to Will's repair  
 For new lampoons, fresh cant, or modish air ;  
 Rail on at Milton's son, who wisely bold  
 Rejects new phrases, and resumes the old :  
 Thus Chaucer lives in younger Spenser's strains,  
 In Maro's page reviving Ennius reigns ;  
 The ancient words the majesty complete,  
 And make the poem venerably great :  
 So when the queen in royal habit's dress,  
 Old mystick emblems grace th' imperial vest,  
 And in Eliza's robes all Anna stands confest.

A haughty bard, to fame by volumes rais'd,  
 At Dick's, and Batson's, and through Smithfield,  
 prais'd,  
 Cries out aloud—Bold Oxford bard, forbear  
 With rugged numbers to torment my ear ;  
 Yet not like thee the heavy critick soars,  
 But paints in fustian, or in turn deplores ;  
 With Bunyan's style prophanes heroick songs,  
 To the tenth page lean homilies prolongs ;  
 For far-fetch'd rhymes makes puzzled angels  
 strain,  
 And in low prose dull Lucifer complain ;  
 His envious Muse, by native dulness curst,  
 Damns the best poems, and contrives the worst.

Beyond his praise or blame thy works prevail  
 Complete where Dryden and thy Milton fail ;  
 Great Milton's wing on lower themes subsides,  
 And Dryden oft in rhyme his weakness hides ;  
 You ne'er with jingling words deceive the ear,  
 And yet, on humble subjects, great appear.  
 Thrice happy youth, whom noble Isis crowns !  
 Whom Blackmore censures, and Godolphin owns :  
 So on the tuneful Margarita's tongue  
 The listening nymphs and ravish'd heroes hung :  
 But cits and fops the heaven-born musick blame,  
 And bawl, and hiss, and damn her into fame ;  
 Like her sweet voice, is thy harmonious song,  
 As high, as sweet, as easy, and as strong.

Oh ! had relenting heaven prolong'd his days,  
 The towering bard had sung in nobler lays,  
 How the last trumpet wakes the lazy dead,  
 How saints aloft the cross triumphant spread :  
 How opening heavens their happy regions show ;  
 And yawning gulphs with flaming vengeance glow ;  
 And saints rejoice above, and sinners howl below :  
 Well might he sing the day he could not fear,  
 And paint the glories he was sure to wear.

Oh best of friends, will ne'er the silent urn  
 To our just vows the hapless youth return ?  
 Must he no more divert the tedious day ?  
 Nor sparkling thoughts in antique words convey ?  
 No more to harmless irony descend,  
 To noisy fools a grave attention lend,  
 Nor merry tales with learn'd quotations blend ?  
 No more in false pathetick phrase complain  
 Of Della's wit, her charms, and her disdain ?  
 Who now shall godlike Anna's fame diffuse ?  
 Must she, when most she merits, want a muse ?  
 Who now our Twydden's glorious fate shall tell ;  
 How lov'd he liv'd, and how deplor'd he fell ?  
 How, while the troubled elements around,  
 Earth, water, air, the stunning din resound ;  
 Through streams of smoke, and adverse fire, he  
 rides,  
 While every shot is level'd at his sides ?  
 How, while the fainting Dutch remotely fire,  
 And the fam'd Eugene's iron troops retire,  
 In the first front, amidst a slaughter'd pile,  
 High on the mound he dy'd near great Argyle.

Whom shall I find unbias'd in dispute,  
 Eager to learn, unwilling to confute ?  
 To whom the labours of my soul disclose,  
 Reveal my pleasure, or discharge my woes ?  
 Oh ! in that heavenly youth for ever ends  
 The best of sons, of brothers, and of friends.  
 He sacred Friendship's strictest laws obey'd,  
 Yet more by Conscience than by Friendship sway'd ;  
 Against himself his gratitude maintain'd,  
 By favours past, not future prospects gain'd :  
 Not nicely choosing, though by all desir'd,  
 Though learn'd, not vain ; and humble, though  
 admir'd :  
 Candid to all, but to himself severe,  
 In humour pliant, as in life austere.  
 A wife content his even soul secur'd,  
 By want not shaken, nor by wealth allur'd.  
 To all sincere, though earnest to commend,  
 Could praise a rival, or condemn a friend.  
 To him old Greece and Rome were fully known,  
 Their tongues, their spirits, and their styles, his  
 own :  
 Pleas'd the least steps of famous men to view,  
 Our authors' works, and lives, and souls, he knew ;  
 Paid to the learn'd and great the same esteem,  
 The one his pattern, and the one his theme :  
 With equal judgment his capacious mind  
 Warm Pindar's rage, and Euclid's reason join'd.  
 Judicious physick's noble art to gain  
 All drugs and plants explor'd, alas, in vain !  
 The drugs and plants their drooping matter fail'd ;  
 Nor goodness now, nor learning ought avail'd !

Yet to the bard his Churchill's soul they gave,  
And made him scorn the life they could not save :

Else could he bear unmov'd, the fatal guest,  
The weight that all his fainting limbs oppress,  
The coughs that struggled from his weary breast ?  
Could he unmov'd approaching death sustain ?  
Its slow advances, and its racking pain ?  
Could he serene his weeping friends survey,  
In his last hours his easy wit display,  
Like the rich fruit he sings, delicious in decay ?

Once on thy friends look down, lamented shade,  
And view the honours to thy ashes paid ;  
Some thy lov'd dust in Parian stones enshrine,  
Others immortal epitaphs design,  
With wit, and strength, that only yields to thine :  
Ev'n I, though slow to touch the painful string,  
Awake from slumber, and attempt to sing.  
Thee, Philips, thee despairing Vaga mourns,  
And gentle Isis soft complaints returns ;  
Dormer laments amidst the war's alarms,  
And Cecil weeps in beauteous Tufton's arms :  
Thee, on the Po, kind Somerset deplores,  
And even that charming scene his grief restores :  
He to thy loss each mournful air applies,  
Mindful of thee on huge Taburnus lies,  
But most at Virgil's tomb his swelling sorrows  
rise.

But you, his darling friends, lament no more,  
Display his fame, and not his fate deplore ;  
And let no tears from erring pity flow,  
For one that's blest above, immortaliz'd below.

#### BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

*On the ever-lamented loss of the  
two Yew Trees, in the parish of  
Chilthorne, Somerset, 1708. Im-  
itated from the eighth book of  
Ovid.*

BY SWIFT.

IN ancient times, as story tells,  
The saints would often leave their cells,  
And stroll about, but hide their quality,  
To try good people's hospitality.

It happen'd on a winter-night,  
As authors of the legend write,  
Two brother-hermits, saints by trade,  
Taking their *tour* in masquerade,  
Disguis'd in tatter'd habits, went  
To a small village down in Kent ;  
Where, in the strollers' canting strain,  
They begg'd from door to door in vain,  
Tried every tone might pity win ;  
But not a soul would let them in.

Our wandering saints, in woful state,  
Treated at this ungodly rate,  
Having through all the village past,  
To a small cottage came at last !  
Where dwelt a good old honest ye'man,  
Called in the neighbourhood Philemon ;  
Who kindly did these saints invite  
In his poor hut to pass the night ;  
And then the hospitable fire  
Bid goody Baucis mend the fire ;  
While he from out the chimney took  
A fitch of bacon off the hook,  
And freely from the fattest side  
Cut out large slices to be fry'd ;  
Then step'd aside to fetch them drink,  
Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,  
And saw it fairly twice go round ;  
Yet (what is wonderful !) they found  
'Twas still replenish'd to the top,  
As if they ne'er had touch'd a drop.  
The good old couple were amaz'd,  
And often on each other gaz'd ;  
For both were frighten'd to the heart,  
And just began to cry,—What art !  
Then softly turn'd aside to view  
Whether the lights were burning blue.  
The gentle *pilgrims*, soon aware on't,  
Told them their calling, and their errand :  
Good folks, you need not be afraid,  
We are but *saints*, the hermits said ;  
No hurt shall come to you or yours :  
But for that pack of churlish boors,  
Not fit to live on Christian ground,  
They and their houses shall be drown'd ;  
Whilst you shall see your cottage rise,  
And grow a church before your eyes.

They scarce had spoke, when fair and  
soft

The roof began to mount aloft ;  
Aloft rose every beam and rafter ;  
The heavy wall climbed slowly after.

The chimney widen'd, and grew  
higher,  
Became a steeple with a spire.

The kettle to the top was hoist,  
And there stood fastened to a joist,  
But with the upside down, to show  
Its inclination for below :  
In vain ; for a superiour force,  
Apply'd at bottom, stops its course :

Doom'd ever in suspense to dwell,  
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.

A wooden jack, which had almost  
Lost by disuse the art to roast,  
A sudden alteration feels,  
Increased by new intestine wheels ;  
And, what exalts the wonder more,  
The number made the motion slower :  
The flier, though 't had leaden feet,  
Turn'd round so quick, you scarce could  
see't ;

But slacken'd by some secret power,  
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.  
The jack and chimney, near ally'd,  
Had never left each other's side :  
The chimney to a steeple grown,  
The jack would not be left alone ;  
But, up against the steeple rear'd,  
Became a clock and still adher'd ;  
And still its love to household cares,  
By a shrill voice at noon declares,  
Warning the cook-maid not to burn  
That roast-meat which it cannot turn.

The groaning-chair began to crawl,  
Like a huge snail, along the wall ;  
There stuck aloft in publick view,  
And with small change a pulpit grew.

The porringers, that in a row  
Hung high, and made a glittering show,  
To a less noble substance chang'd,  
Were now but leathern buckets rang'd.

The ballads, pasted on the wall,  
Of Joan of France, and English Moll,  
Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood,  
The Little Children in the Wood,  
Now seemed to look abundance better,  
Improv'd in picture, size, and letter ;  
And, high in order plac'd, describe  
The heraldry of every tribe.

A bedstead of the antique mode,  
Compact of timber many a load,  
Such as our ancestors did use,  
Was metamorphos'd into pews ;  
Which still their ancient nature keep  
By lodging folks disposed to sleep.

The cottage by such feats as these  
Grown to a church by just degrees,  
The hermits then desir'd their host  
To ask for what he fancy'd most.

Philemon, having paus'd a while,  
Return'd them thanks in homely style :  
Then said, My house is grown so fine,  
Methinks I still would call it mine ;  
I 'm old, and fain would live at ease ;  
Make me the *parson* if you please.

He spoke and presently he feels  
His grazier's coat fall down his heels :  
He sees, yet hardly can believe,  
About each arm a pudding-sleeve ;  
His waistcoat to a cassock grew,  
And both assum'd a fable hue ;  
But, being old, continued just  
As thread-bare, and as full of dust.  
His talk was now of *titbes* and *dues* :  
He smok'd his pipe, and read the news :  
Knew how to preach old sermons next,  
Vamp'd in the preface and the text ;  
At christenings well could act his part,  
And had the service all by heart ;  
With'd women might have children fast,  
And thought whose sow had farrow'd  
last ;

Against *dissenters* would repine,  
And stood up firm for *right divine* ;  
Found his head fill'd with many a system :  
But classic authors,—he ne'er miss'd 'em.

Thus having furbish'd up a parson,  
Dame Baucis next they play'd their farce  
on.

Instead of home-spun coifs, were seen  
Good pinners edg'd with *colberteen* ;  
Her petticoat, transform'd apace,  
Became black fatten flounc'd with lace.  
Plain *Goody* would no longer down ;  
'Twas *Madam*, in her grogram gown.  
Philemon was in great surprize,  
And hardly could believe his eyes,  
Amaz'd to see her look so prim ;  
And she admir'd as much at him.

Thus happy in their change of life  
Were several years this man and wife ;  
When on a day, which prov'd their last,  
Discourfing o'er old stories past,  
They went by chance, amidst their talk,  
To the church-yard to take a walk ;  
When Baucis hastily cry'd out,  
My dear, I see your forehead sprout !

Sprout ! quoth the man ; what's this you  
tell us ?

I hope you don't believe me jealous !  
But yet, methinks, I feel it true ;  
And really yours is budding too—  
Nay,—now I cannot stir my foot ;  
It feels as if 'twere taking root.

Description would but tire my Muse ;  
In short, they both were turn'd to *yew*.  
Old Goodman Dobson of the green  
Remembers, he the trees has seen ;  
He'll talk of them from noon till night  
And goes with folks to shew the fight ;  
On Sundays, after evening-prayer,  
He gathers all the parish there ;  
Points out the place of either *yew* ;  
Here Baucis, there Philemon, grew :  
Till once a parson of our town,  
To mend his barn, cut Baucis down ;  
At which 'tis hard to be believ'd  
How much the other tree was griev'd,  
Grew scrubbed, dy'd a top, was stunted ;  
So the next parson stubb'd and burnt it.

## THE JACKDAW.

*A Fable.*

BY COWPER.

1

THERE is a bird, who, by his coat,  
And by the hoarseness of his note,  
Might be suppos'd a crow ;  
A great frequenter of the church,  
Where, bishop-like, he finds a perch  
And dormitory too.

2

Above the steeple shines a plate,  
That turns and turns, to indicate  
From what point blows the weather.  
Look up—your brains begin to swim,  
'Tis in the clouds—that pleases him,  
He chooses it the rather.

3

Fond of the speculative height,  
Thither he wings his airy flight,  
And thence securely sees

The bustle and the raree-show  
That occupy mankind below,  
Secure, and at his ease.

4

You think, no doubt, he sits and muses  
On future broken bones and bruises,  
If he should chance to fall.  
No ; not a single thought like that  
Employs his philosophick pate,  
Or troubles it at all.

5

He sees, that this great roundabout—  
The world with all its motley rout,  
Church, army, physick, law,  
Its customs, and its bus'nesses  
Is no concern at all of his,  
And says—what says he ?—caw.

6

Thrice happy bird ! I too have seen  
Much of the vanities of men :  
And, sick of having seen 'em,  
Would cheerfully these limbs resign  
For such a pair of wings as thine,  
And such a head between 'em.

## PARALLELS

..... The flowery lap  
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,  
Flowers of all hue and without thorn the  
rose.

Another side, umbrageous grots and caves,  
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling  
vine

Lays forth her purple grape, and gently  
creeps

Luxuriant : meanwhile murmuring wa-  
ters fall

Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a  
lake,

That to the fringed bank with myrtle  
crowned

Her chrystal mirror holds, unite their  
streams.

The birds their quire apply ; airs, vernal  
airs,

Breathing the smell of field and grove,  
attune

The trembling leaves..... MILTON.

....

And broad-leaved Zennars in long colonades

O'er-arched delightful walks,  
Where round their trunks the thousand-tendriled vine

Wound up and hung the bows with greener wreaths,

And clusters not their own.

Wearied with endless beauty did his eyes  
Return for rest? Beside him teems the earth

With tulips, like the ruddy evening streaked,

And here the lily hangs her head of snow,  
And here amid her fable cup  
Shines the red eye-spot, like one brightest star,

The solitary twinkler of the night,  
And here the rose expands  
Her paradise of leaves.

Then on his ear what sounds  
Of harmony arose!

Far musick and the distance-mellowed song

From bowers of merriment;

The water-fall remote;

The murmuring of the leafy groves;

The single nightingale,

Perch'd in the roser by, so richly toned,  
That never from that most melodious bird,  
Singing a love-song to his brooding mate,

Did Thracian shepherd by the grave  
Of Orpheus hear a sweeter song;

Though there the spirit of the sepulchre  
All his own power infuse, to swell

The incense that he loves.

SOUTHEY.

.... Pilasters round

Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid  
With golden architrave; nor did there want

Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures  
graven;

The roof was fretted gold.—The ascending pile

Stood fixed her stately height; and  
straight the doors,

Opening their brazen folds, discover wide  
Within her ample spaces o'er the smooth  
And level pavement. From the arched  
roof,

Pendent by subtle magick, many a row  
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed  
With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded  
light

As from a sky. . . . MILTON.

....

There emerald columns o'er the marble  
court

Fling their green rays, as when amid a  
shower

The sun shines loveliest on the vernal corn.  
Here Shedad bade the sapphire floor be laid,  
As though with feet divine  
To trample azure light,

Like the blue pavement of the firmament.  
Here self-suspended hangs in air,  
As its pure substance loathed material  
touch,

The living carbuncle;

Sun of the lofty dome,

Darkness has no dominion o'er its beams;  
Intense it glows, an ever-flowing tide  
Of glory, like the day-flood in its source.

SOUTHEY.

—

He forthwith from the glittering staff  
unfurl'd

The imperial ensign, which, full high  
advanced,

Shone like a meteor streaming to the  
wind,

With gems and golden lustre rich  
emblazed,

Seraphick arms and trophies.

MILTON.

....

Lo, where the holy banner waved aloft,  
The lambent lightnings played. Irradi-  
ate round,

As with a blaze of glory, o'er the field  
It streamed miraculous splendour.

SOUTHEY.

# THE BOSTON REVIEW,

FOR JULY, 1806.

Librum tuum legi & quam diligentissime potui annotavi, quæ commutanda, quæ eximenda, arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur.—Pliny.

## ARTICLE 29.

*New-York Term Reports of cases argued and determined in the Supreme Court of that state. By George Caines, counsellor at law, and reporter to the state. In three volumes; from May, 1803, to Nov. 1805. New-York, printed for, and sold by Isaac Riley & Co.*

WE congratulate the profession upon the appearance of these volumes, as we have no doubt that their utility will be generally acknowledged. The reporter, in his preface, makes some pertinent observations upon the importance of his office, the propriety of which will be fully felt. We were here sorry to observe a violation of grammar, a blot which does not often stain the pages of the reporter. Preface, page 5. "And the bar *has* generously and frankly afforded *their* cases," &c. Upon perusing these volumes, every reader, who has any pretensions to the character of a lawyer, will acknowledge the superiority of the system of jurisprudence in New-York, to most others in the United States. We speak of the English *nisi prius* system. When we perceive how favourable it is at once to the utmost deliberation, and to the greatest economy and expedition, it is difficult to tell why the good people of our country should so long oppose its introduction. Every lawyer knows, that in a science so technical as his; a science

composed very much of rules, made and adhered to more from the necessity of having a rule, than from any intrinsic propriety in the rule itself; a science, which embraces almost the whole extent of human action, there can be neither accuracy nor safety in the decisions of a judge, who has not much time for deliberation, and all the lights which books can give. The maxim of a lawyer should be, *via trita, via tuta*. The aids of genius alone, in such a science, will not suffice, and the man who follows them will soon find himself bewildered and lost. For the trial of a simple or a complicated question of fact, (no other question should ever be definitively settled upon a trial) our own experience has shown, that one judge is more fit than half a dozen, or than a Roman court of judices selecti would be, composed even of such men as Hortensius and Cicero.

In reading the reports of American decisions, we too often have to lament frequent differences in the opinions of the judges. In these volumes we find the same cause for regret. In a country like ours, we know of no remedy for the evil. In some states the office of a judge is elective, in all it is considered, more or less, as a round on the ladder of power, from which the judge can exhibit himself most effectually for the admiration and approbation of the citizens. Hence the frequent changes in our courts; so great

are they, that no man, for ten years together, can know the court from any personal identity.

As to the general execution of these reports, the cases are stated with brevity, with method, and perspicuity. The arguments of counsel are given much in the manner of the modern English reporters. It may be thought, that many of them are given more diffusely than was necessary. Still, when the lawyer considers, how much the frequent citing of cases facilitates his labours, and refreshes his memory, he will have nothing to regret on this head. The mere name of a case has often saved much precious time, and many a laborious search. For these reasons every lawyer will be indebted to the reporter for his notes and marginal references, in which many authorities, illustrating the point in controversy, are cited. In cases, where the authority only is cited by the counsel, the name of the case is mentioned in the margin. Every professional man, who knows how mechanical is his science, and how important to the memory are such aids, will feel the full value of them. From this general approbation, we are sorry to make any deductions. In some instances there is failure of attention, and in some a want of accuracy. It is at least the duty of a reporter to exhibit the counsel in a decent garb, however slovenly they may themselves consent to appear. A filthy, or a tattered dress is neither decorous nor dignified before the most respectable tribunal in the state. If the reporter had bestowed a little more labour upon his reports, there would not be found such instances of awkwardness, inaccuracy, and bad grammar as the following, which are among the very many

we have noticed. Vol. I. page 398. "neither party *have* a right"—"the sale of the premises was merely hearsay." In addition to this, we observe, that some of the marginal statements are incorrect, and some unintelligible. Vol. I. page 450, *Given vs. Driggs*, the marginal statement is wholly unintelligible. Vol. II. 188. *Frost et al. vs. Raymond*, from which it would seem, that it was determined by the court, that the word "*dede*," in a conveyance derived from the statute of uses, contained an implied covenant. The reporter tells us in his preface, that in most cases he received the written opinions of the court; of course he is not responsible for the defects of their manner or matter. It is impossible not to perceive, that they might, in many instances, be curtailed, to the great advantage of many a weary eye and many an aching head. The style of the opinions is generally correct, and lawyer-like. In America, however, every man, from the lowest to the highest, seems to consider, that, with the charter of his freedom, he has derived an exemption from all the ancient penalties, which were inflicted upon the slovenly murderers of his majesty's English. That the learned judges in the state of New-York are not unmindful of their liberties the following instances will shew. Vol. I. p. 274, "because the court *overruled* certain objections *from being put*." Vol. I. p. 315, "if the award in question be good and valid in pursuance of the submission, it may undoubtedly be given or *pleaded in evidence*." Vol. II. p. 45, "to arrest the goods *from* the vendor under these circumstances," &c. Vol. III. p. 93, Court—"the verdict was clearly against the weight of

evidence, and *ruled wrong* by the judge." We were sorry to observe in Vol. III. p. 180, in the opinion of Justice Livingston, so much pleasantry at the expense of dignity and decorum. Humour is a very good thing, but it no more becomes the legal robe upon the bench, than the sacerdotal at the altar. We were not less disagreeably impressed by the positive and dogmatical manner, in which the same judge gives his opinion, after that of the chief justice, which was different, in Vol. II. p. 286. All these defects, however, are but small excrescences upon a surface generally smooth and polished. The close general adherence to English authorities and precedents; the numerous commercial and general cases, which will afford information and argument, if not authority, to the profession in every state; the great industry and investigation displayed by the court, and its extensive learning, not only in commercial law, but in the whole circle of law, ancient and modern, foreign and domestick, will render these reports a valuable acquisition to the country at large. These volumes will be less valuable to the profession generally, on account of the numerous cases upon practice, with which they are crowded. But this was unavoidable. It is the business of a reporter, for the information of practitioners, to report every case, however unimportant it may be, in deciding general principles. There are several cases particularly deserving notice, as deciding important principles. The case of *Hitchcock vs. Aiken*, Vol. I. p. 460, in which it was decided, that the judgment of a foreign state should not be considered as a domestick judgment, but as

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*prima facie* evidence of debt only, is important in this point of view. Some, perhaps may doubt of the correctness of the decision, when tested by the constitution, but none will hesitate to acknowledge the practical propriety and utility of the doctrine, if it can be reconciled with the constitution. In the case of *Nash vs. Tupper*, Vol. I. p. 402, it was determined that in a suit upon a foreign contract, the statute of limitation of the state of New-York should govern. There are many other cases of general utility.

## ART. 30.

*Original Poems: By Thomas Green Fessenden, Esq. author of Terrible Tractation, or Caustic's petition to the Royal College of Physicians, and Democracy Unveiled.* Philadelphia: printed at the Lorenzo Press of E. Bronson, 1806. f4p. 204. 12mo.

THE author of these poems has been singularly fortunate in receiving that applause, which has sometimes been denied to others of equal merit. This mode of publishing a collection of occasional poems, many of which have appeared in the newspapers of the day, may be the means of attaining present notoriety, but will hardly secure future fame. The author writes with ease, or, at least, easy verses. But he is unfortunate in the republication of many of the political satires. They are well enough for the moment, but the publick absolutely nauseate the repeated accounts of obscure, factious individuals, who rise and perish, in the progress of party, like *Fungi* on a dunghheap.

The extracts from reviews, at the end of the volume, the author

should not have permitted the printer to have published; they were allowable, while the latter was announcing the work, to influence its sale, but an author should not thus violate all decency and decorum in binding up his own praises with his works. The insolent condescension in one of these paragraphs is amusing.

We presume this writer to be an American; and, considering the state of literature in that country, his productions are quite as good as could be expected from one of its natives. His serious productions are, upon the whole, the best; still he is, by no means, destitute of humour. *Critical Review.*

Though the humorous pieces predominate, the author will derive as much lasting applause from those which are serious. We extract a sapphick, not because it is superiour to the rest, but as a fair specimen of the work, and it describes an amusement which is "*all the rage.*"

Horace Surpassed: or, a beautiful description of a New-England Country-Dance.

How funny 'tis, when pretty lads and lassies  
Meet all together, just to have a caper,  
And the black fiddler plays you such a tune as  
Sets you a frisking.

High bucks and ladies, standing in a row all,  
Make finer show than troops of continentals.  
Balance and foot it, rigadon and chaffee,  
Brimful of rapture.

Thus poets tell us how one Mister Orpheus  
Led a rude forest to a country-dance, and  
Play'd the brisk tune of Yankee Doodle on a  
New Holland fiddle.

Spruce our gallants are, essenc'd with pomatum,  
Heads powder'd white as Killington-Peak snow-  
form:

Ladies, how brilliant, fascinating creatures,  
All silk and muslin!

But now behold a sad reverse of fortune,  
Life's brightest scenes are checker'd with disaster,  
Clumsy Charles Clumfoot treads on Tabby's  
gown, and

Tears all the tail off!

Stop, stop the fiddler, all away this racket—  
Hartshorn and water! see the ladies fainting,  
Paler than primrose, fluttering about like  
Pigeons affrighted!

Not such the turmoil, when the sturdy farmer  
Sees turbid whirlwinds beat his oats & rye down,  
And the rude hail-stones, big as pistol-bullets,  
Dash in his windows!

Though 'twas unhappy, never seem to mind it,  
Bid punch and sherry circulate the brisker;  
Or, in a bumper flowing with Madeira,  
Drown the misfortune.

Willy Wagnimble dancing with Flirtilla,  
Almost as light as air-balloon inflated,  
Rigadoons round her, 'till the lady's heart is  
Forc'd to surrender.

Benny Bamboozle cuts the drollest capers,  
Just like a camel, or a hippopot'mos,  
Jolly Jack Jumble makes as big a rout as  
Forty Dutch horses!

See Angelina lead the mazy dance down,  
Never did fairy trip it so fantastick;  
How my heart flutters, while my tongue pro-  
nounces,  
Sweet little seraph!

Such are the joys that flow from country-dancing,  
Pure as the primal happiness of Eden,  
Wine, mirth, and musick, kindle in accordance  
Raptures extatick.

The description of "*Tabitha Towzer,*" page 130, is an excellent burlesque: the writer is very successful and very meritorious, when describing American village manners, in making allusions to the objects and scenery peculiar to his country. We venture to advise Mr. Fessenden to seek a little more variety in his versification, to sometimes adopt the style of Colman; above all, to study the bewitching naiveté, the unequalled graces of La Fontaine.

#### ART. 31.

*A Treatise on the diseases of children, and management of infants from the birth.* By Michael Underwood, M. D. Published by David West, Boston. Printed by D. Carlisle. 8vo.

THIS is indisputably the most complete account of the diseases of children in the English language. Dr. Underwood writes like a practitioner, who has verified every thing he asserts by his own

experience, and he may therefore be relied on, so far as his remarks extend. This form of the work is destined for domestick use, and we recommend the perusal of it to fathers and mothers. Not, indeed, that they should employ it to play the quack upon their own children ; for those unfortunates, who have mothers that give medicine, are almost invariably unhealthy, and the greatest part perish in early life. But we offer this book to aid the obliteration of vulgar prejudices, to point out to parents the symptoms of indisposition which should alarm them, and above all, to instruct them by what management of diet and regimen their offspring are to be rendered healthy, vigorous, and beautiful.

The execution of this edition appears to excel that of any medical book, which has been printed in Boston. In typographical correctness it equals the English edition, to which, in other respects, it is decidedly superiour.

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ART. 21.

Concluded from p. 260.

*American Annals ; or a chronological history of America. By Abiel Holmes, D. D.*

WHEREVER the Spanish invaders trod, their footsteps were marked with blood. In this all writers agree, such as were eye-witnesses, and relate an unvarnished tale, and such as paint in the strongest colours. They all likewise describe the pusillanimous conduct, the vile superstitions, and cruel customs of the Mexicans. We shall quote a passage from Dr. Holmes's Annals, which breathes an evangelical spirit, and shows something like political reflection.

P. 58. " Why did Montezuma admit Cortes into his capital, and subject himself to the grossest indignities, when he might unquestionably have expelled, if not annihilated, his army ? Antonio De Solis, the Spanish historiographer, says : " The very effects of it have since discovered, that God took the reins into his own hand on purpose to tame that monster ; making his unusual gentleness instrumental to the first introduction of the Spaniards, a beginning from whence afterward resulted the conversion of those heathen nations." Conquest Mexico, ii. 141. We ought to adore that Providence, which we cannot comprehend ; but it is impious to insult it by assigning such reasons for its measures, as are contradicted by facts. The natural causes of the abject submission of Montezuma may perhaps be traced to a long and traditional expectation of the subjection of the Mexican empire to a foreign power ; to the predictions of soothsayers, with their expositions of recent and present omens ; to the forebodings of a superstitious mind ; to the astonishment excited by the view of a new race of men with unknown and surprising implements of war ; and to the extraordinary success of the Spanish arms from the first moment of the arrival of Cortes on the Mexican coast."

One cause more substantial should be assigned, which has hastened the downfall of many other nations, viz. the arbitrary and cruel proceedings of a tyrant towards the various nations subject to his power. How many thousand of the natives of this region were in the army of Cortes, compared with the few Spaniards that were

with him ! He had uncommon sagacity, as well as valour, and made the best use of their hatred to serve his purposes. They wished to humble the proud monarch, who could shake his rod over them for his amusement, as well as to gratify his rage ; and by their assistance he overthrew the Mexican empire.

We shall quote another passage from the American Annals, which ought to be compared with the reflection of Antonio de Solis.

"In 1551. Bartholomew de la Casas, having zealously laboured fifty years for the liberty, comforts, and salvation of the natives of America, returned discouraged to Spain, at the age of seventy-seven years."

The work of our Annalist will be considered by many as more dry, meagre, and insipid, when he comes to treat of the affairs of New-England, than of Spanish America, where he could animate his materials, collected from old accounts, with passages from Robertson, Clavigero, or the author of European settlements, supposed to be the late Dr. Campbell. The documents are accurate, but not interesting, which relate to these colonies. We have had men of invincible industry to drudge in the mine for materials, but where do we find the men of science to purify them ? Our fathers were men of excellent characters ; but, after they had subdued the wilderness and formed their settlements, what great transactions are there for the subject of history, or even to enrich the work of an humble compiler ? In their annals there is no variety to charm, no very splendid events to celebrate, no such information to be obtained,

as they always expect, whose enlarged conceptions enable them to throw just observations upon human nature, or give extensive views of mankind. After all we can say of the rise and progress of these United States, there is no eventful period, till the revolution. There is not enough in our history to arrest the attention of readers in general, or to make a very splendid volume, though Robertson himself made an attempt upon the subject. We congratulate the author of the American Annals for what he has done ; he has made them less tiresome and barren, than they have commonly been exhibited.

"The first plantation of the United States was in 1585. Sir R. Greenville left at Roanoke the English colony." P. 96.

This, it seems, was part of a fleet which Sir Walter Raleigh sent to Virginia, and which went back to England the year following. He was not easily discouraged, and sent a second colony. Soon after this colony returned to England, and for a time frustrated the expectations of a man, whose spirit, virtue, and romantick generosity will be ever remembered. Few great men can be compared with Sir Walter Raleigh. Dr. H. says, *this terminated the exertions of Sir Walter Raleigh* ; but this is not consistent with his relation of affairs in 1602. "Sir Walter Raleigh, not abandoning all hope of the Virginia colony, made one effort more," &c. The prior discouragement happened in 1587.

We are also informed, that "the first English child, born in America, was baptised August 1587, by the name of Virginia." Such

minutia, and even trifling anecdotes, may be entertaining and interesting in a book of annals, though we should not expect them upon the historick page. We learn too, that the first child born in New-England was *Peregrine White*. There is a quaintness in the name, as well as in that of *Seaborn*, which was given to a child of Mr. Cotton, born on the passage to N. England.

We hear also, that the Rev. Mr. Bentley is about collecting a very particular account of the *first cradle*, in which a child was rocked, born soon after our fathers landed in Salem.

"In 1602 Gosnold sailed further northward, & discovered Cape Cod. They landed on an island, which they called *Martha's Vineyard*."

We cannot so well account for this name, as that the *Elizabeth Islands* should be so called. Indeed we much doubt of its then bearing this name. In some old accounts it is called Martin's vineyard. We shall leave this matter to be disputed by the old-colony antiquarians, who may be as much amused by viewing the pebblestones as the rocks of our shores. One thing is evident, that the island now called Martha's Vineyard is not the island Gosnold landed upon. From traditionary accounts, from an old Dutch map of the coast, and from some positive evidence, the island so called by them is now called *Noman's land*.

As another specimen of Dr. Holmes's style, and method of relating things, we select the following passage :

"The first general court of the Massachusetts colony was holden at Boston. At this court many of

the first planters attended, and were made free of the colony. This was the first general court, which the freemen attended in person. It was now enacted, that the freemen should in future have power to choose assistants, when they were to be chosen ; and the assistants were empowered to choose out of their own number the governour and deputy governour, who, with the assistants, were empowered to make laws, and appoint officers for the execution of them. This measure was now fully assented to by the general vote of the people ; but when the general court convened, early the next year, it rescinded this rule, and ordained, that the governour, deputy governour, and assistants, should be chosen by the freemen alone." P. 257.

The author refers us to Chalmers' Political Annals for this and several other documents, which may be depended upon, because they are taken from the Plantation Office. The late Governour Hutchinson frequently said, in conversation with his friends, that a complete history of the colonies could not be written, this side of the Atlantick, for want of these papers ; that the writer must go to Great-Britain and there search the files of this office. To these Chalmers had access, and he certainly has made a book, worthy the perusal of all who would make themselves acquainted with the affairs of America. We learn also this fact, that private gentlemen as well as the officers of government, when we were under the crown, had their directions to give every kind of information concerning the state of the colonies ; that a regular correspondence was kept up between the secretary of the lords

of trade and plantation and certain individuals in this country, who do not always give their names with their letters, but who tell many facts, and often express their opinions. The late John Pownal, esq. had all these papers arranged, and numbered, and put into regular cases for publick use and the service of individuals. Indeed every thing, appertaining to the various offices of Great-Britain, is in such complete order, as appears wonderful to a person who is not acquainted with their regular manner of doing business ; which is worthy the imitation of these United States. We know not whether there is not as much method at Washington ; but we know that in some of the states their records resemble an oyster bank, more than a cabinet for papers ; and that it would be bringing order out of confusion to make them fit for use. There may be exceptions, however, in some of the publick offices.

In 1654. A sumptuary law was passed by the legislature of Massachusetts. Vide p. 354, marginal note. They "acknowledge it to be a matter of much difficulty in regard of the blindness of men's minds and the stubbornness of their wills, to set down exact rules to confine all sorts of people"; yet "cannot but account it their duty to commend unto all, the sober and moderate use of these blessings," &c. The court proceed to order, that no person whose estate shall not exceed the true and indifferent sum of 200*l.* shall wear any gold or silver lace, or gold or silver buttons, or any bone lace above 2 shillings per yard, or silk hoods or scarves, on the penalty of 10 shillings for every such offence. The law authorizes and requires the selectmen of every town to

take notice of the apparel of any of the inhabitants, and to assess such persons "as they shall judge to exceed their ranks and abilities, in the costliness or fashion of their apparel in any respect, especially as to the wearing of ribbands and great boots," at 200*l.* estates, according to the proportion which such men use to pay to whom such apparel is suitable and allowed. An exception, however, is made in favour of publick officers and their families, and of those "whose education and employment have been above the ordinary degree, and whose estates have been considerable, though now decayed." We smile at the simplicity of our forefathers ; but the mother country had set an example of similar measures, effected in a more summary manner. In the reign of queen Elizabeth "began in England long tucks and rapiers," which succeeded the sword and buckler ; "and he was held the greatest gallant, that had the deepest ruffe and longest rapier. The offence unto the eye of the one, and the hurt unto the life of the subject that come by the other, caused her majesty to make proclamation against them both, and to place selected grave citizens at every gate to cut the ruffles, and break the rapier points, of all passengers that exceeded a yeard in length of their rapiers, and a nayle of a yeard in depth of their ruffles." Stow. Chron. 869.

There are many references to authorities in the American Annals. As far as we have been able to look them over, they are very exact, and there are very few typographical errors. When the author depends upon *hearsay*, he sometimes is mistaken ; as for instance, p. 371, speaking of Mr. Hopkins's donation, in a marginal

note. "He gave 500*l.* out of his estate in England to trustees in New-England for the upholding and promoting the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ in those parts of the earth;" which donation was considered as made to Harvard College and the grammar-school in Cambridge, and by virtue of a decree in chancery was paid in 1710, &c. &c.

This account of the Hopkinton fund is just, till he mentions the liberality of the general court. But it is a great mistake to say, that the court made any addition to the funds. There is a difference between an act, which enabled the trustees to receive their just dues, which was the only thing done, and to give credit for a donation. The funds accumulated by the value of the estate; and an application being made to the general court, they were put upon such a foundation, that the trustees can draw for so much money as enables them to give very considerable encouragement to young gentlemen, who reside in Cambridge for the sake of pursuing their theological studies. We certainly object against putting that upon the score of benevolence, which was only an act of justice.

In page 356 a very unnecessary compliment is introduced to a gentleman, who is called F.R.S. Dr. H. may recollect, that these letters mean the *London Society*;....this is a very different society from the *Royal Society of Edinburgh*, which is always distinguished by F.R.S.E. Supposing the gentleman, however, to be a member of either society, why is he brought forth to prove a thing, which no one doubts? Many gentlemen have seen the *Columbium*, and it is well known that "it attracted much notice," and that the place where it

was taken is near New-London. It is well to mention, that the American Academy of Arts and Sciences are about giving an account of this mineral. We are glad to learn that they are BUSILY employed.

In our review of the *American Annals* we mean to be equally candid and just. It is our opinion that the work would appear more perfect, were there not such a profusion of compliments and acknowledgments to every one, who has favoured the author with a book, manuscript, or observation. It detracts from the worth of the praise, when gratitude is expressed to those who richly deserve it, if every little trifling acquisition is made the subject of a note, or considered as an important literary document.

These hints may serve to benefit the author. We really think, he deserves much credit for his labours, and that these *Annals* will be regarded by the judicious among the useful publications, which have issued from the American press.

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ART. 32.

*The Pleasures of the Imagination, a poem in three books. By Dr. Akenside. Portland, T. B. Wait. 8vo.*

A VERY neat, not to say elegant, edition of one of the most beautiful poems in the English language; and we believe very correctly printed. We do not altogether like the form, large octavo, which, in so thin a volume, looks awkwardly. If printed in 12mo. or 18mo. it would have made, we think, a better appearance. In other respects it is a handsome edition.

## ART. 33.

*Democracy Unveiled, or tyranny stripped of the garb of patriotism.* By Christopher Caustic, LL.D. &c. &c. In 2 vols. 3d edition. New-York, for I. Riley and Co.

DID the author think it necessary to subjoin to his third edition every thing that any person in England or America has ever said, not only of the work now before us, but of his other productions? Here are sixteen witnesses introduced to inform the publick, when they can decide as well without them, for the circumstances are within their own knowledge. Had these recommendations been omitted, would the author have feared censure; and is not this an unfair mode of averting it? This is not the self-supported confidence, which the author, since his success, might have justly displayed.

Of the great additions in verse and prose to the present edition, we can say, they are not inferior to the rest of the work, nor unworthy of their relation to the elder-born. But two volumes! Indeed, 'tis too much for our poor pockets to pay for.

The most valuable remarks among the addenda will be found in the notes on page 26 and 195 of the second volume. The ridicule upon a letter from one great man to another, containing some whimsical observations on general polity, might have been supported by reference to any really profound historians or philosophers. "We see," says the letter-writer, "numerous societies of men, the aboriginals of this country, living together without the acknowledgment of either laws or magistracy, yet they live in peace among them-

selves, and acts of violence and injury are as rare in their societies, as in nations which keep the sword of the law in perpetual activity," &c. Nonsense.

Redeunt Saturnia regna;  
Jam nova progenies cœlo dimittitur alto.

When the famous Locke formed a paper constitution for a community, his schemes soon dishonoured his judgment; yet was his reasoning generally conclusive, and his acquaintance with the history and state of man indisputable. But there are some politicians who can find an excuse for the absurdity of their deductions in their ignorance of facts.

The printers of this work, honourable and liberal as any our country can boast among that class of men, always distinguished for their honour and their liberality, generally deserve credit for their correct editions; but errors within their department are sometimes discernible. In the list of errata we do not find a correction of a gross mistake in page 17th of the introduction, where lines from Horace are quoted as prose. Can this be the fault of the poet?

## ART. 34.

*The Anatomy of the Human Body.* By William Cheselden. With forty copper-plates. Second edition. Published by David West. 8vo.

AS this work is perfectly known to the publick, and an edition of it has appeared in Boston before, we need only remark, that this edition is very handsomely executed, uncommonly free from errors, and will bear a comparison with the London edition.

## ART. 35.

*A Sermon, preached in the audience of his Excellency Caleb Strong, Esq. Governour; his Honour Edward H. Robbins, Esq. Lieutenant-Governour; the honourable the Council, Senate, and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on the anniversary election, May 28, 1806. By Samuel Shepard, A.M. Congregational minister of Lenox. Boston, Young & Minns, printers to the State. 8vo. pp. 31.*

THE passage of scripture, serving as the theme of this discourse, is that in 1 Chron. xxix. 12. *Both riches and honour come of thee, and thou reignest over all; and in thine hand is power and might; and in thine hand it is to make great, and to give strength unto all.* We acknowledge the propriety of the text for such an occasion; but, for aught we can see of the writer's design in selecting it, there are five hundred texts in the bible, which would have been equally fit for his purpose. The capital defect of the performance is want of point and want of order. The sermon contains many important remarks; but it is difficult to discern their particular object. The preacher has brought together several just reflexions on the providence of God, on the people of Israel, on our own country, on the christian religion, and on the duties of rulers; but they neither come in as precedents, nor follow as consequents: they hold in fact no manifest connexion with any manifest design of the author. Yet the sermon is not destitute of merit, and we willingly insert the ensuing description of the Jewish theocracy, as the most favourable specimen of its style.

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They were also blessed with an excellent constitution of government. It is sometimes called a *Theocracy*; but excepting some particular acts of royalty, which God reserved immediately to himself, it was in its visible form, and as originally committed to the administration of man, republican. Opposed to every system of tyranny and oppression, it was well adapted to secure and perpetuate the rights and privileges of every member of the community. If the Israelites were not a free and independent people, the fault was in themselves. To the distinction, freedom, and independence of each tribe, their agrarian law was peculiarly favourable. In each province, all the freeholders must be not only Israelites, but descendants of the same patriarch. The preservation of their lineage was also necessary to the tenure of their lands. The several tribes, while they were united as one commonwealth, still retained their distinction and privileges, and were independent of each other. Each tribe was in a sense, a distinct state, having its own prince, elders, and judges, and at the same time was one of the united states of Israel. They had, also, a national council. This which might with propriety be called a general congress, was composed of the princes, the elders, and heads of families from all the tribes. It was the business of this assembly to attend to all matters, which related to the common interest; such as levying war, negotiating peace, providing for, and apportioning the necessary expenses of the nation, and deciding in matters of dispute between particular tribes. No one tribe had a right of dictating to, or exercising superiority over another. In this grand national assembly, resided the highest delegated authority, and it was to be regarded by all the tribes with the greatest reverence. A violation of the constitution, in this respect, subjected the offenders to the most severe penalty. This grand council of the nation had its president, who was constituted such upon republican principles.

## ART. 36.

*Preparation for war the best security for peace. Illustrated in a sermon delivered before the Ancient and Honourable Artillery*

*Company, on the anniversary of their election of officers, Boston, June 2, 1806. By James Kendall, A.M. minister of the First Church in Plymouth. Boston, printed at the Anthology Office, by Munroe and Francis. 1806.*

OF this discourse it is but justice to observe, that it is decidedly superiour to the majority of productions of its class. It is particularly free from the common-place cant of our anniversary effusions, and discovers occasionally some symptoms of eloquence. The history of Hezekiah, at the period that he was invaded by the king of Assyria, is a fortunate text-matter for the orator of 1806, and his manner of manœuvring it for the edification of his countrymen remarkably creditable to his understanding and heart. The only quarrel that we have with Mr. Kendall comes from his making use of *shakened* instead of *shaken*, and his introduction of two rhetorical beings of the colossal order within the narrow compass of his pages. Now, one giant, in all conscience, is sufficient for a sermon, unless the preacher is desirous of reminding us of Gog and his partner.

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ART. 37.

*Travels to the west of the Alleghany Mountains, in the states of Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee, and back to Charleston, by the upper Carolinas; comprising the most interesting details on the present state of agriculture, and the natural produce of those Countries, &c.; undertaken in the year 1802, by F. A. Michaux, member of the society of Natu-*

*ral History at Paris, Correspondent of the Agricultural Society in the Department of the Seine and Oise. 8vo. pp. 306.*

THIS is a work which steals on the world without any splendid promises or pompous pretensions, yet, at a future era, it may attract the attention of the historian, as one of the intermediate links which connect a prosperous empire with the laborious efforts of industrious emigrants and infant colonists. It is, indeed, of importance to mark the gradual, the insensible progress of an enterprising population. The men who shot woodcocks in the forests where Philadelphia now stands, have been known by many yet alive; and half a million of persons now inhabit countries, where, twenty years since, the foot only of the wandering savage was heard. Vast is the object that thus fills the mind! immense the prospect offered to future ages! We can only notice, in a few pages, this link which connects the past with the future, which leads to events the most astonishing and important; in which the imagination can neither be guided or corrected by reason. It is now time to change the language which partial views and temporary information occasioned. What was styled the northern portion of the American continent, was not confined on the west by the chain of mountains which pervades that vast mass of land, and which, resisting the ocean on either side, divides America like an insect, at the Isthmus of Panama, but by the Alleghanies, which separate the low alluvial lands left, apparently at a late period, by the ocean, from the higher

regions. The northern states have been styled the eastern, as they project farther into the Atlantic, while those below Pennsylvania obtained the appellation of southern. In our present view both are eastern, and the truly west country is beyond the Alleghany mountains or their continuation, which are lost as they approach Georgia, or the Floridas. On the north, immediately below Lake Erie, the Alleghany and Fayette counties disappear in the Ohio country, and Kentucky; this last is again succeeded by the Tennessee, which, on the west and south, is followed by Louisiana and the Floridas.

We have, as usual, to regret, in our author's tour, the want of a map. It is sufficient for us to remark, that the author proceeds from Philadelphia westward, till he falls in with the vast streams of the Ohio. These he follows, with some deviations, in a southwestern course, till he returns by low Carolina to Charleston.

To follow our author minutely over mountains and "barrens;" through forests, and across the deserted beds of winter torrents, would be useless. We have pointed out this work as the link for the future historian, and it is our business to trace only the more prominent features. M. Michaux is a man of science and observation. He is not a speculator, recommending the purchase of lands in the western country; though we suspect he does not explain all the difficulties of the situation; but he offers, on the whole, the fruits of attentive investigation. We are sorry to add, that he appears in disadvantageous colours, from the very numerous faults of his printer, and the gallicisms of his translator. To the experienced and sci-

entific reader, these are only slight impediments: to others they may be serious obstacles. While we wander through countries often visited and as frequently described, we have little temptation to enlarge: yet we may remark, from a professed naturalist, the son of a man who had travelled, with similar views, through some of the most inaccessible regions of the United States, the numerous and valuable species of oaks which he had occasion to notice, and the various nut-trees, which might form an useful and interesting monography, though peculiarly intricate and of difficult discrimination.

Log-houses is a term often employed, and though generally used, the ideas of their construction are not very precise and discriminate. We shall select, therefore, a short sketch of their form.

"It is not useless to observe here, that in the United States they give often the name of town to a group of seven or eight houses, and that the mode of constructing them is not the same every where. At Philadelphia the houses are built with brick. In the other towns and country places that surround them, the half, and even frequently the whole, is built with wood; but at places within seventy or eighty miles of the sea, in the central and southern states, and again more particularly in those situated to the westward of the Alleghany Mountains, one-third of the inhabitants reside in log-houses. These dwellings are made with the trunks of trees, from twenty to thirty feet in length, about five inches diameter, placed one upon another, and kept up by notches, cut at their extremities. The roof is formed with pieces of

similar length to those that compose the body of the house, but not quite so thick, and gradually sloped on each side. Two doors, which often supply the place of windows, are made by sawing away a part of the trunks that form the body of the house. The chimney, always placed at one of the extremities, is likewise made with the trunks of trees of a suitable length; the back of the chimney is made of clay about six inches thick, which separates the fire from the wooden walls. Notwithstanding this want of precaution, fires very seldom happen in the country places. The space between these trunks of trees is filled up with clay, but so very carelessly, that the light may be seen through in every part; in consequence of which these huts are exceedingly cold in winter, notwithstanding the amazing quantity of wood that is burnt. The doors move upon wooden hinges, and the greater part of them have no locks. In the night time they only push them to, or fasten them with a wooden peg. Four or five days are sufficient for two men to finish one of these houses, in which not a nail is used. Two great beds receive the whole family. It frequently happens that in the summer the children sleep upon the ground, in a kind of rug. The floor is raised from one to two feet above the surface of the ground, and boarded. They generally make use of feather beds, or feathers alone, and not mattresses. Sheep being very scarce, the wool is very dear; at the same time they reserve it to make stockings. The clothes belonging to the family are hung up round the room, or suspended upon a long pole." *P.* 28—30.

Our author had not yet crossed the Alleghanies, or extended his course beyond the confines of Philadelphia, when we find the singular remark, that during the war, in the time of the French revolution, the inhabitants of the neighborhood of Bedford found it more to their advantage to send their corn to Pittsburgh, and from thence to New Orleans, by the Ohio and Mississippi, a course of more than 2,000 miles, than to Philadelphia or Baltimore, not exceeding 200 or 250 miles. If this be generally true, what a prospect does it afford of the future prosperity of the western-country!

The passage of the Alleghanies offers few remarks of interest or importance. On these mountains our author searched for a species of the Azalea, a plant of singular importance, since to the valuable qualities of the olive tree, it adds the power of bearing the cold of the most northern climates. He found it, and recognised it to be the same plant which his father had discovered; but the seeds had failed, in consequence of their soon growing rancid. We trust our author has been more fortunate, though of his success we have no information. It is a delicious plant, not above five feet in height: its roots spread horizontally, and give birth to several shoots. The plant grows only in cool shady places, and in a fertile soil; the roots are of a citron colour. On these high grounds coal is not uncommon, but little attended to, as it is necessary to clear the ground from the trees. Labour is, however, dear, and the contest between expense and convenience, of course, frequent.

The vast river, the Ohio, is formed by the conflux of the Mo-

Monongahela and Alleghany rivers. At this junction Pittsburgh is built, which was the site of Fort Duquesne, and the key of the western country. It is no longer of importance in a military view, but it is the connecting medium of the eastern and western states, and, as a commercial depôt, of peculiar value. Corn, hams, dried pork, bar iron, coarse linen, bottles, whiskey, and salt butter, from its dependencies, are embarked on the Ohio for the Caribbees, through New Orleans. At the latter port, they receive in exchange cotton, raw sugar, and indigo. These are sent by sea to Philadelphia and Baltimore; and the bargemen return to these ports, from which they go again by land to Pittsburgh.

“What many perhaps are ignorant of in Europe, is, that they build large vessels on the Ohio, and at the town of Pittsburgh. One of the principal ship-yards is upon the Monongahela, about two hundred fathoms beyond the last houses in the town. The timber they make use of is the white oak, or *quercus alba*; the red oak, or *quercus rubra*; the black oak, or *quercus tinctoria*; a kind of nut tree, or *juglans minima*: the Virginia cherry-tree, or *cerasus Virginia*; and a kind of pine which they use for masting, as well as for the sides of the vessels, which require a slighter wood. The whole of this timber being near at hand, the expenses of building is not so great as in the ports of the Atlantick states. The cordage is manufactured at Redstone and Lexington, where there are two extensive rope-walks, which also supply ships with rigging that are built at Marietta, and Louisville. On my journey to Pitts-

Pittsburgh, in the month of July, 1802, there was a three-mast vessel of two-hundred and fifty tons, and a smaller one of ninety, which was on the point of being finished. These ships were to go in the spring following to New Orleans, loaded with the produce of the country, after having made a passage of two thousand two hundred miles before they got into the Ocean. There is no doubt but they can, by the same rule, build ships two hundred leagues beyond the mouth of the Missouri, fifty from that of the river Illinois, and even in the Mississippi, two hundred beyond the place whence these rivers flow; that is to say, six hundred and fifty leagues from the sea; as their bed in the appointed space is as deep as that of the Ohio at Pittsburgh. In consequence of which it must be a wrong conjecture to suppose that the immense tract of country, watered by these rivers, cannot be populous enough to execute such undertakings. The rapid population of the three new western states, under less favourable circumstances, proves this assertion to be true. Those states, where thirty years ago there was scarcely three hundred inhabitants, are now computed to contain upwards of a hundred thousand; and though the plantations on the roads are scarcely four miles distant from each other, it is very rare to find one, even among the most flourishing, where one cannot with confidence ask the owner, whence he has emigrated; or, according to the trivial manner of the Americans, “what part of the world do you come from?” as if these immense and fertile regions were to be the asylum common to all the inhabitants of the globe. Now if we consider these astonish-

ing and rapid ameliorations, what ideas must we not form of the height of prosperity to which the western country is rising, and of the recent spring that the commerce, population, and culture of the country is taking, by uniting Louisiana to the American territory." *P.* 63—65.

When it is recollected, that the distance from Pittsburgh to New Orleans exceeds 2,000 miles, and that the Ohio, before its junction with the Mississippi, runs through half this space, what must our ideas be in contemplating vessels of more than 200 tons seeking the ocean through such devious tracts, and in so extensive a course ! Let us improve our acquaintance with the means by which this intercourse is facilitated :

" The Ohio, formed by the union of the Monongahela and Alleghany rivers, appears to be rather a continuance of the former than the latter, which only *happens* obliquely at the conflux. The Ohio may be at Pittsburgh two hundred fathoms broad. The current of this immense and magnificent river inclines at first north-west for about twenty miles, then bends gradually west south-west. It follows that direction for about the space of five hundred miles ; turns thence south-west a hundred and sixty miles ; then west two hundred and seventy-five ; at length runs into the Mississippi, in a south-westerly direction, in the latitude of  $36^{\circ} 46''$ , about eleven hundred miles from Pittsburgh, and nearly the same distance from Orleans. This river runs so extremely serpentine, that, in going down it, you appear following a tract directly opposite to the one you mean to take. Its breadth varies from two

hundred to a thousand fathoms. The islands that are to be met with in its current are very numerous. We counted upwards of fifty in the space of three hundred and eighty miles. Some contain but a few acres, and others more than a thousand in length. Their banks are very low, and must be subject to inundations. These islands are a great impediment to the navigation in the summer. The sands that the river drives up, form, at the head of some of them, a number of little shoals ; and in this season of the year the channel is so narrow, from the want of water, that the few boats, even of a middling size, that venture to go down, are frequently run aground, and it is with great difficulty that they are got afloat ; notwithstanding which there is at all times a sufficiency of water for a skiff or a canoe. As these little boats are very light, when they strike upon the sands it is very easy to push them off into a deeper part. In consequence of this it is only in the spring and autumn that the Ohio is navigable, at least as far as Limestone, about one hundred and twenty miles from Pittsburgh. During these two seasons the water rises to such a height, that vessels of three hundred tons, piloted by men who are acquainted with the river, may go down in the greatest safety. The spring season begins at the end of February, and lasts three months ; the autumn begins in October, and only lasts till the first of December. In the meantime these two epochs fall sooner or later, as the winter is more or less rainy, or the rivers are a shorter or a longer time thawing. Again, it so happens, that in the course of the summer, heavy and incessant rains fall in the Alleghany mountains, which suddenly swell

the Ohio : at that time persons may go down it with the greatest safety ; but such circumstances are not always to be depended on." *P.* 68—70.

The Mississippi is interspersed with numerous shoals and islands, so that its navigation is far more dangerous than that of the Ohio, at least from Natches to New Orleans, a course of more than 700 miles. The rapidity of the Ohio is very considerable, and rowing is unnecessary. The appearance of the banks of the river, on leaving Pittsburgh, merits our attention :

" Leaving Pittsburgh, the Ohio flows between two ridges, or lofty mountains, nearly of the same height, which we judged to be about two hundred fathoms. Frequently they appeared undulated at their summit, at other times it seemed as though they had been completely level. These hills continue uninterruptedly for the space of a mile or more, then a slight interval is observed, that sometimes affords a passage to the rivers that empty themselves into the Ohio ; but most commonly another hill of the same height begins at a very short distance from the place where the preceding one left off. These mountains rise successively for the space of three hundred miles, and from our canoe we were enabled to observe them more distinctly, as they were more or less distant from the borders of the river. Their direction is parallel to the chain of the Alleghanies ; and although they are at times from forty to a hundred miles distant from them, and that for an extent of two hundred miles, one cannot help looking upon them as belonging to these mountains. All that part of Virginia, situated upon the left bank of the Ohio, is

excessively mountainous, covered with forests, and almost uninhabited ; where, I have been told by those who live on the banks of the Ohio, they go every winter to hunt bears." *P.* 84.

The flat woody ground between the river and these mountains consists of a vegetable mould, from decaying leaves, and even from the decayed trunks of trees. The best land in Kentucky and Tennessee is of the same kind, and its vegetative quality peculiarly strong. The plane-tree grows to an immense size ; and the next in bulk is the *liriodendron tulipifera*. Other trees, which adorn and diversify the forests of the country, are the beech, *magnolia acuminata*, the *celtis occidentalis*, the acacia, the sugar and red maple, the black poplar, &c.

In this tract our author falls in with towns, consisting of from 70 to 200 houses, which till within a very few years had no existence, and are generally placed on the Ohio, or some of its tributary rivers, where the receding mountains leave a vacant and level spot. Below Marietta, a town on the Muskingum, at its conflux with the Ohio, the mountains recede still farther, and offer the following beautiful prospect :

" On the 23d of July, about ten in the morning, we discovered Point Pleasant, situated a little above the mouth of the great Kenhawa, at the extremity of a point formed by the right bank of this river, which runs nearly in a direct line as far as the middle of the Ohio. What makes the situation more beautiful, is, that for four or five miles on this side the point, the Ohio, four hundred fathoms broad, continues the same breadth

the whole of that extent, and presents on every side the most perfect line. Its borders, sloping and elevated from twenty-five to forty feet, are, as in the whole of its windings, planted at their base with willows from fifteen to eighteen feet in height, the drooping branches and foliage of which form a pleasing contrast to the sugar maples, red maples, and ash trees, situated immediately above. The latter, in return, are overlooked by palms, poplars, beeches, magnolias of the highest elevation, the enormous branches of which, attracted by a more splendid light and easier expansion, extend toward the borders, overshadowing the river, at the same time completely covering the trees situated under them. This natural display which reigns upon the two banks, affords on each side a regular arch, the shadow of which, reflected by the chrystal stream, embellishes, in an extraordinary degree, this magnificent coup d'œil." *P.95,96.*

The banks of the Ohio are alluvial, and, where not covered with vegetable mould, are of a calcareous nature. The stones are flinty, and chiefly from the separation of the limestone masses. A species of *mulette* is chiefly employed in making buttons, as the pearly nacre is very thick. It is arranged by *Bosc* under the genus *Unio*, with the trivial name of *Ohiotensis*. The tyrant of the river is the cat fish, *silurus felis*: its upper fins are strong and pointed, and, by swimming under his prey, he is enabled to wound it where the skin is thinnest. The inhabitants of the banks are chiefly hunters, for the sake of the skins: a few acres only are cultivated for their cows, whose milk they greatly depend on. Plantations occur every

three or four miles, and travellers are accommodated, in their miserable log-houses, with bread, Indian corn, dried ham, milk and butter. They themselves feed only on Indian corn: the wheat which is cultivated is exported in the form of flour. The peach and apple are their only fruit trees: the former is preferred, as hogs are fed, and brandy distilled from the fruit. The price of the best land does not exceed 15s. per acre. The sellers are seldom constant in their attachments, and few of those who first clear the ground, or who immediately succeed them, remain on it. The same restless principle urges them forward, and the Americans have now penetrated to the banks of the Missouri, forty miles above its union with the Mississippi. There are, it is said, more than 3,000 inhabitants on its banks, allured by a fertile soil, the numerous herds of beavers, elks, and bisons.

Our author leaves the banks of the Ohio, to direct his course south and south-west, towards Charleston. He stops in this journey at a salt-mine. In this elevated region there are many strata of rock salt, and salt springs often rise to the surface, leaving, in consequence of the evaporation, a saline efflorescence. To these spots, the original inhabitants of the forest, the wild beasts, usually repaired. Salt seems to numerous animals a condiment almost essential to their existence; and we find, in these spots, the remains of some species at present unknown, probably extinct. The soil round these "licks" is dry and sandy; the stones are flat and chalky, rounded at the edges, and of a bluish cast inside. The soil is barren, and the few trees thin and stunted.

Frankfort is the seat of govern-

ment in Kentucky, but Lexington, in consequence of some advantages of situation, is the larger and more populous town. It supplies the shipping with rigging, and has several tan-yards, where leather is prepared with the bark of the black oak. Industry and ingenuity go hand in hand to add to the prosperity of the town and neighbourhood. Nitre, which is found in the neighbouring caverns, supplies the material for the manufacture of powder, and two mills have been erected. A pottery also, as in some other villages, is established. Various circumstances relative to the commerce of this part of America are added, but the balance of trade with Europe is apparently unfavorable to it. The attempt to plant vineyards in Kentucky has succeeded very imperfectly.

On the southern limits of Kentucky the "barrens" commence. These are open grounds, dry, and sometimes sterile, where little is met with but partridges; and where one woman told the author that she had not seen a single person for eighteen months. In some of these meadows, however, the grass is high, and marks of fertility appear. Trees of different kinds, and flowering shrubs, are also scattered around. In this district, our author thinks that the vineyards should have been planted, and he supposes that springs are at no great distance from the surface. The "barrens" are surrounded with a wood about three miles broad, which terminates in an impenetrable or, at least, unpenetrated forest.

A general description of Kentucky follows, for the greater part of which we must refer to the work. This state is about 400 miles in length, and 200 in breadth;

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and has been securely settled only since 1783. About ten years afterwards it was admitted into the union as an independent state. Ginseng first appears in Kentucky, though more common in a more southern climate. Our author suspects that from twenty-five to thirty thousand weight is annually exported, and more care is now taken to prepare it in the state best adapted to the China market. The bisons have deserted this part of the country, and migrated to the right side of the Mississippi. Deers, bears, wolves, red and grey foxes, wild cats, racoons, opossums, and some squirrels, are the principal animals that remain. Turkeys, in a wild state, are still numerous. The cultivated production of Kentucky are tobacco, hemp, European grain, chiefly wheat, and Indian corn. The last yields from forty to seventy-five bushels per acre. Eighty-five thousand five hundred and seventy barrels of flour went, from the 1st of January, 1802, to the 30th of June following, from Louisville to low Louisiana: more than two-thirds of which was from Kentucky. A barrel contains the flour of five bushels of wheat corn, about ninety-six pounds. The culture of tobacco has been greatly extended. Hemp also is an increasing article of commerce. In 1802 more than 42,000 pounds of raw hemp, and about 24,000 cwt. converted into cables, were exported. Flax is cultivated by many families. Rearing and taming horses is a business now eagerly and advantageously followed, and horned cattle are bred in great abundance. These, driven to the back settlements of Pennsylvania and Virginia, supply the markets on the coast. Few sheep are fed or fattened; but the hogs are very numerous;

yet even in the woods they are not completely wild. Salt provisions is another important article of commerce ; and in the first six months of 1802, 72,000 barrels of dried pork, and 2,485 of salt, were exported. Poultry are rarely bred, from the injury they might do to the crops of Indian corn. Of the religious sects, the methodists and anabaptists are most numerous. Education, even in these sequestered regions, is carefully attended to.

Nashville is the old town in Tennessee, but has no manufactory or publick establishment. Every thing is very dear, as the boats are obliged to go above Pittsburgh, on the Ohio, before they meet with the river Cumberland, on which Nashville is built. The author still approaches Carolina, in his progress to Knoxville ; and in his journey passes the mountains of Cumberland, to which the name of the Wilderness is assigned. These mountains divide east and west Tennessee, which thus separated, may probably become distinct states. One of the branches of the Cumberland is styled "Roaring River," from its numerous cascades. The right bank of this River rises from 80 to 100 feet in some places, and we mention it particularly, since it rests upon a bed of chistus, the first instance of this rock recorded in the author's observations. In the caverns in the neighbourhood, probably calcareous, extensive aluminous masses of considerable

purity are discovered. M. Michaux now arrives within about 700 miles from Baltimore and Philadelphia, and about 400 miles from Richmond. We shall, therefore, conclude our account of his journey, with a few remarks on Tennessee in general. This state is situated to the south of Kentucky, between Ohio and the Alleghany mountains. It is nearly square, its length exceeding its breadth only by about sixty miles in 300, its shortest diameter ; and was admitted into the union as an independent state in 1796. It formerly was a part of North Carolina. Its river, Tennessee, with the Holston, has a navigable course for near 800 miles, interspersed, during the summer, with shoals. It is not closely inhabited ; and its chief productions are cotton and iron : the soil is fat and clayey.

We have already offered our reasons or our apologies for the length to which our article has extended ; and have reprehended, though perhaps without sufficient severity, the gross errors of the translator and printer. Another translation, with a map, would prove a valuable acquisition to the geographer, the scientific enquirer, and the commercial speculatist ; for though, as we have said, we do not implicitly trust all the representations, the great features of nature are carefully, and, we believe, accurately copied. I. R.

## MONTHLY CATALOGUE

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES FOR JULY, 1806.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.—MART.

## NEW WORKS.

The New-York Medical Repository and Review of American publications in medicine, surgery, and the auxilliary branches of science, No. XXXVI. for February, March, and April, 1806, which completes the 9th vol. New-York, T. & J. Swords.

The Flowers of Literature; being a compendious exhibition of the most interesting geographical, historical, miscellaneous, and theological subjects in miniature; intended to facilitate the improvement of youth in particular, and adults in general, whose pecuniary resources will not admit them to purchase, nor relative avocations allow time to peruse voluminous productions on these important heads. To which are prefixed, Preliminary Addresses to parents, teachers, and their pupils. By Thomas Branagan. 75 cts. boards. Trenton, New Jersey.

A Poem on the Ordinance of Baptism, in answer to one written by Rev. J. Sewall "upon the Mode of Baptism." Together with a short dissertation on the same subject. By Dr. John Burham, of Bluehill, Maine. 12mo. 12½ cents. Buckstown, Wm. W. Clapp.

Message from the President of the United States, communicating discoveries made in exploring Louisiana, by captains Lewis and Clark, and others: with a statistical account of the country. 8vo. pp. 180. price 62 cts. Washington city, A. & G. Way.

The Nos. of Phocion, which have appeared in the Charleston Courier, on the subject of Neutral Rights. Revised and corrected. 8vo. 50 cents. Charleston.

Copy of a Letter of July 4, 1805, to the President of the United States, &c. By James Lovell. 8vo. Boston, Andrew Newell.

A Collection of the Laws of Kentucky, comprising all those of a general nature, passed since 1793. Lexington, Kentucky, J. Bradford.

Universalism confounds and destroys itself; or, Letters to a Friend; in four parts. Part I. Dr. Huntington's and Mr. Relly's scheme, which denies all

future punishment, shown to be made up of contradictions. 2. Dr. Chauncy's, Mr. Winchester's, Petitpierre's, and Med. Dr. Young's scheme, which supposes a limited punishment hereafter, shown to be made up of contradictions. 3. Everlasting, forever, forever and ever, naturally and originally mean duration without end. 4. The sufficiency of the atonement, for the salvation of all, consistent with the final destruction of a part of mankind. Also, the second death explained. Interspersed with direct arguments in proof of the endless misery of the damned; and answers to the popular objection of the present day, against the doctrines of grace. By Josiah Spaulding, A. M. pastor of a church in Buckland. Northampton, (Mass.) Andrew Wright. 1805.

Sermons on the religious education of Children; preached at Northampton, Eng. By P. Doddridge, D. D. A new edition, revised and corrected. Cambridge, W. Hilliard.

A Present for your Neighbour; or, the right knowledge of God and ourselves, opened in a plain, practical, and experimental manner. Cambridge, W. Hilliard.

A Discourse concerning meekness, By Rev. Matthew Henry. First American edition. Cambridge, W. Hilliard.

A short and easy method with Deists, wherein the certainty of the Christian religion is demonstrated by infallible proof from four rules, in a letter to a friend. Cambridge. W. Hilliard.

An Oration, delivered before the trustees, preceptors, and students of Leicester Academy, on the 4th of July, 1806, at opening of a new building for the above seminary. By Aaron Bancroft. Worcester, Isaiah Thomas, jun.

An Address, delivered at Salem, July 4, 1806, on a military celebration of the day by the brigade and regimental officers, the late commissioned officers, and three independent companies; at the request of the officers. By Major Samuel Swett. 8vo. pp. 24. For Joshua Cushing, Salem.

An Oration, pronounced before the Bristol Lodge in Norton, and in the presence of the Affiliated Celebrating Lodges of Bristol County, on St. John's anniversary, June 24th, A.L. 5806. By Benjamin Gleason, Grand Lecturer. 8vo. Boston, Belcher and Armstrong.

An Oration, pronounced on the 30th anniversary of American Independence, before the Young Democratick Republicans of the town of Boston, at the 2d Baptist meeting-house, July 4, 1806. By Joseph Gleason, jun. 8vo. pp. 24. Boston, Oliver & Munroe.

An Oration, pronounced at New-Bedford, July 4th, 1806. By John M. Williams, Esq. A.M. 8vo. pp. 16. Boston, Belcher and Armstrong.

An Oration, pronounced at the Branch meeting-house in Salem, July 4, 1806, in commemoration of American independence. By H. A. S. Dearborn, esq. 8vo. 20 cts. Salem.

The Mechanick's Monitor, or alarm bell. Compiled by a workman. Baltimore, Fryer & Clark.

A Sermon, preached in audience of his Excellency Caleb Strong, governour, His Honour Edward H. Robbins, esq. lieutenant-governour, the Hon. the Council, Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on the Anniversary Election, May 28, 1806. By Samuel Shepard, A. M. Congregational Minister of Lenox. Boston, Young & Minns. 1806.

A Discourse on Free Communion to all Christians at the Lord's Table. By Elder Simeon Snow. Price 18 cents. Buckstown, Maine. Wm. W. Clapp.

A Discourse on the necessity and importance of wisdom and knowledge, delivered at the opening of the Lincoln Academy in New-Castle, October 1, 1805, by Kiah Bayley, A. M. pastor of the church in New Castle. Wiscasset, Babson and Rust.

The Happy Nation, a sermon, preached at the Anniversary Election in Hartford, May 8, 1806. By Rev. William Lyman, A. M. pastor of a church in East Haddam. Hartford. Hudson and Goodwin. 1806.

A Sermon, preached before the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church in the United States of America; by appointment of their standing committee of Missions, by Eliphalet Nott, D.D. President of Union College in the State of New York, May 19, 1806. Philadelphia. Jane Aitken.

The Virginia Religious Magazine, published under the patronage of the Synod of Virginia, by the Editor. Volume II, for the year 1806. Lexington. Samuel Walkup.

The Boston Directory, containing the names, occupations, places of abode, and business of the inhabitants. A list of the streets, lanes, courts, alleys, wharves, &c. Bounds of the new wards, lists of publick offices, town-officers, physicians, sextons, and lists of post towns, &c. Illustrated by a plan of the town. Boston. E. Cotton.

The Sentimental Songster; a collection of pastoral poetry from the best ancient and modern authors. 12mo. Bennington. Benjamin Smead.

#### NEW EDITIONS.

The Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy. By William Paley, D.D. The 5th American from the 12th English edition. 8vo. pp. 494. Boston, John West, No. 75, Cornhill.

Vol. IV. of the Life and Pontificate of Leo the Tenth. By William Roscoe. 8vo. Philadelphia, Lorenzo Prefs of E. Bronson.

Essays, Literary, Moral, and Philosophical. By Benjamin Rush, M.D. and Professor of the Institutes of Medicine and Clinical Preacher in the University of Pennsylvania. Second edition. 8vo. pp. 364. Price 2 dols. bound. Philadelphia, Thomas & William Bradford.

A Modern Philosopher; or Terrible Tractation! in four cantos. Most respectfully addressed to the Royal College of Physicians, London. By Christopher Cautick, M.D. A.S.S. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Aberdeen, and Honorary Member of no less than nineteen very learned societies. Second American edition, revised, corrected, and much enlarged by the author. 8vo. pp. 272. From the Lorenzo Prefs, for Isaac Riley & Co. New-York.

Memoirs of Richard Cumberland: written by himself. Containing an account of his life and writings. Interspersed with anecdotes and characters of several of the most distinguished persons of his time, with whom he has had intercourse and connexion. 8vo. New-York, Brisban & Brannan. pp. 350.

Bonaparte and the French people under his Consulate. Translated from the German. The first American edition. New York, Isaac Collins and Son.

Biographical Memoirs of Lord Viscount Nelson, with observations, critical and explanatory. By John Charnock. 8vo. New York, I. Riley and Co.

Leonora, by Miss Edgeworth. 1 vol. 12mo. 1 dol. in extra boards, comprising the 2 vols. of the English edition. New-York, Isaac Riley and Co. pp. 309.

Brown's self-interpreting Bible, containing the sacred text of the Old and New Testaments; to which are annexed, marginal references and illustrations; an exact summary of the several books; a paraphrase on the most obscure and important parts; an analysis of the contents of each chapter, explanatory notes and evangelical reflections. New-York, T. & J. Ronalds.

Human Prudence, or the art by which a man and a woman may be advanced to fortune, to permanent honour, and to real grandeur, adapted to the genius of the citizens, and designed for the use of schools in the United States. First American from the eighth London edition, with many corrections, translations, and additions. 12mo. 75 cts. bound. Dedham, Herman Mann.

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The celebrated Speech of Henry Grattan on the motion of Mr. Fox in the Imperial Parliament in favour of the Irish Catholics. Printed from the Dublin copy. 8vo. pp. 28. Pr. 18 cts. Baltimore, Fryer & Clark, &c.

The Philadelphia Dilworth's Spelling Book improved, arranged according to the last English and Glasgow editions; with lessons of reading adapted to the capacities of children; in four parts. Wherein are included, and faithfully followed, Murray's rules for spelling, and Walker's for pronouncing the English language. By David Boyle, author of Pinkerton's Geography. Epitomized for the use of schools. To which is now first added, the outlines of English Grammar. 12mo. Philadelphia, B. Graves.

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By the late pious and ingenious Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe, reviewed and published at her request. By J. Watts, D. D. small 18mo. 1 vol. pp. 189. Charlestown, S. Etheridge.

Observations on the Speech of the Hon. John Randolph, representative for the state of Virginia, in the general congress of America: on a motion for the non-importation of British merchandize, pending the present dispute between Great-Britain and America. By the author of War in Disguise. London, printed: New-York, re-printed for Ezra Sargeant. 8vo. pp. 44. 37½ cts.

Perrin's Grammar of the French Tongue, grounded upon the decisions of the French academy, &c. and revised by M. Pocquot. New-York, George F. Hopkins.

Perrin's French Conversations. New York, G. F. Hopkins.

#### WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Epistles, Odes, and other Poems. By Thomas Moore, Esq. *Tanti non es, ais, sapiis, Luperce.*—Mart. Philadelphia, J. Watts.

Essay on the Human Understanding. By John Locke. 12mo. Boston, Thomas & Andrews.

Travels in Louisiana and the Floridas. Translated from the French. 12mo. New York, Isaac Riley and Co.

Garland of Flowers, containing Isabel from the Spanish of Lope de Vega, &c. New York, Riley and Co.

The celebrated heroi-comick poem, unrivalled in original wit, learning, and satire, entitled Hudibras; in three parts. By Samuel Butler. With annotations, a complete index, and a life of the author. The first American edition. 12mo. pp. 300. Price 1 dollar bound.—Troy, N. Y. Wright, Goodenow, and Stockwell.

Montagu on the Law of Set-Off. New York, Isaac Riley and Co.

Mrs. West's Letters to a Young Lady. New York, I. Riley and Co.

Means of preserving Health, and preventing Diseases: founded principally on an attention to air and climate, drink, food, sleep, exercise, clothing, passions of the mind, and retentions and excretions. With an appendix, containing observations on bathing, cleanliness, ventilation, and medical electricity; and, on the abuse of medicine. Enriched with appropriate extracts from the best authors. De-

signed not merely for physicians, but for the information of others. By Shadrach Ricketson, physician in New-York.

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Reports of cases argued and determined in the Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia; with select cases, relating chiefly to points of practice settled by the high court of chancery. By Wm. Kening and William Munford. 8vo. 12½ cents for each 16 pages, published in pamphlets of about 64 pages each, 500 pages to comprize a volume, at 4 dols. Richmond, Vir.

Sermons on different subjects, left for publication by John Taylor, LL.D. late prebendary of Westminster, &c. published by the Rev. Samuel Hayes, A.M. usher of Westminster school. To which is added a sermon, written by Samuel Johnson, LL.D. for the funeral of his wife. 8vo. pp. 280. Price 1,25, bound. Walpole, N.H. Thomas and Thomas.

A Celestial Planisphere, or Map of the heavens: comprehending the whole sphere of the fixed stars, except the parts within the polar circles, constructed according to Mercator's principles; by William Croswell, A.M. teacher of navigation. This map is to be 38 inches in length, and 19 in breadth, and will contain all the stars, situated within its limits, that are usually exhibited on 12-inch globes. The constellations will be delineated and coloured. The circles of right ascension and declination will be represented by straight lines; hence it will be easy to find the place of a planet, and its angular distance from the sun or a fixed star. Price to subscribers 4 dols. Boston.

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#### INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Allen B. Magruder, late of Kentucky, has for some time past been collecting materials for a General History of the Indians of North America—their Numbers, Wars, &c. for which purpose he has requested the assistance of those gentlemen whose situations in life have been such as to render them acquainted

with Indian affairs. Mr. Magruder now holds an appointment under the government of the United States at New Orleans; and in consequence of his being necessarily absent from Kentucky, he authorized the Editor of the Kentucky Gazette to receive all communications on the aforementioned subject. This

Editor introduces an extract from one of these documents in the following manner.

"Since the departure of Mr. Magruder from this place, a communication was inclosed to the editor for him, from which the following is extracted. Some parts of the communication will, doubtless, be considered interesting.

The French were the first nation of white people that ever were known among the North-Western Indians. When the British and French commenced a war against each other in North America, the North-Western Indians joined the French, and of the Six Nations joined the British. My knowledge of the actions that were fought between them, is derived from the old Indians, that I have conversed with on that subject, and is not to be relied on.

After the British got possession of this country from the French, a Tawway chief, by the name of Potacock, renewed the war against the British, and took all the posts that were occupied by them on the lakes and their waters, in one day, (Detroit excepted,) by stratagem. After this, in 1774, the war broke out between the North-Western Indians and the Whites. The principal action that was fought between the parties, was at the mouth of the Great Kanaway—there were 300 Shawanees and Delawares, and a few Miammies, Wyandots and Mingoos, commanded by the celebrated Shawanee chief, called Comstock. This was the war that ended at the treaty of Greenville. Although at different times, individual nations would treat, or pretend to do so, with the Americans; it was only a temporary thing; for it frequently happened, that while a party of Indians were treating with the Whites, some of their own people would be killing the very people that their own chiefs were treating with.

The Indians that opposed general Sullivan were the combined forces of the six nations. Their numbers and by whom commanded, I do not know. The Indians that defeated general Crawford at Sandusky, were the Wyandots, Delawares, Shawanees, and a few of the six nations, or Senecas—Pottowottomies and Ottoways, said to be 800 in number. I never heard who commanded them. As the Indians always keep the number of their killed and wounded as much a secret as possible, I shall not undertake to say what numbers were killed and wounded at either of the actions above mentioned.

Bowman's campaign was against the Shawanees on the Little Miami River. I am not acquainted with any of the particulars of the action that took place between him and those Indians; also my knowledge of the different campaigns carried against the Shawanees, on Mad River and Big Miami, by general Clarke, is not to be depended on.

When general Harmar arrived at the Miami Town, he sent Col. John Harden in search of the Indians, with a body of men, when he met 300 Miamies, on the head of Eel River, commanded by the celebrated Miami chief, the Little Turtle—an action took place—the whites were defeat-

ed—the Indians had one man killed and two wounded. The Indians that fought the troops under the command of Col. Harden, in the Miami town, were the 300 above mentioned, commanded by the same chief. Also a body of 500 Indians, composed of Shawanees, Delawares, Chippeways, Pottowottomies and Ottoways—the Shawanees commanded by their own chief, Blue Jacket; the Delawares by Buckingheles; the Ottoways and Chippeways, by Agashewah, an Ottoway chief. The Indians say they had 15 killed, and 25 wounded. General Scott's campaign was against the Weas Town on the Wabash, where he met with little or no opposition; as the warriors of the Weas expected that General Scott was going against the Miami Town, and had all left their own village to meet him. At that place 8 men and 2 women were killed by the troops under Gen. Scott. At the Weas, the number of women and children he took prisoners, I do not remember.

Gen. Wilkinson's campaign was against the Eel River Town, where there were but a few women and children, and ten old men and three young ones, who made no defence. Four men were killed, with one woman. The number of women and children taken, I do not recollect. In the autumn of 1790 an army of Indians, composed of Miammies, Delawares, Shawanees, and a few Pottowottomies, 300 in number, commanded by the Little Turtle, attacked Dunlap's Station, on the Big Miami River. This post was commanded by lieutenant Kingsbury. The Indians had 10 killed, and the same number wounded.

There were 1133 Indians that defeated Gen. St. Clair, in 1791. The number of different tribes is not remembered. It was composed of Miammies, Pottowottomies, Ottowies, Chippeways, Wyandots, Delawares, Shawanees, and a few Mingoos and Cherokees. Each nation was commanded by their own chief, all of whom appeared to be governed by the Little Turtle, who made the arrangement for the actions, and commenced the attack with the Miammies, who were under his immediate command. They had 30 killed, and died with their wounds, the day of the action, and it is believed 50 wounded.

In the autumn of 1792 an army of 300 Indians, under the command of the Little Turtle, composed of Miammies, Delawares, Shawanees, and a few Pottowottomies, attacked Col. John Adair, under the walls of Fort St. Clair, where they had two men killed.

The 30th June, 1794, an army of 1450 Indians, composed of Ottoways, Chippeways, Miammies and Wyandots, Pottowottomies, Shawanees, Delawares, with a number of French and other white men, in the British interest, attacked Fort Recovery. The Indians were commanded by the Bear chief, an Ottoway. The white men, attached to the Indian army, it is said, were commanded by Elliot and McKee, both British officers. The garrison was commanded by captain Gibson, of the 4th sublegion. The Indians have told me repeatedly, that they had between 40 and 50 killed, and upwards of 100 wounded; a number of whom died. This was the severest

blow I ever knew the Indians to receive from the Whites.

The Indians that fought Gen. Wayne the 20th of August, 1794, were an army of 800, made up of Wyandots, Chippeways, Ottoways, Delawares, Shawanees, Miammies and Pottowottomies, with a number of white traders from Detroit. The Indians were governed by British influence, and had no commander of their own; consequently they made but little resistance. It is said they had 20 killed and 15 wounded. This battle was what may be called the finishing blow; as no action of consequence has taken place between the Whites and Indians since that time.

There was no separate cause for each campaign of the Indians against the Whites. The war that began in 1774, which was caused by the ill treatment the Indians received from the Whites, on the frontiers of the white settlement, was continued by the Indians, owing to the great influence the British had among them. This influence was kept up by the large supplies of arms and ammunition the Indians received from the British government every year. From this it is evident, that if the United States had have gotten possession of the posts on the lakes, that the British government had agreed to deliver up to them in 1783, there would have been no Indian war after that time.

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*Statement of Diseases, from May  
20 to June 20.*

THE close of May was remarkable for a cloudless atmosphere, and regular east winds. Vegetation began to suffer from want of moisture. June commenced with pleasant showers, which have since fallen every few days, though not in sufficient abundance to saturate the soil. The winds have been almost equally from the south-west and east, and sometimes from the north-east and north-west. No remarkable atmospherick phenomena succeeded the eclipse on the 16th, unless that the winds have been rather more violent than ordinary.

The month of June is commonly considered here to be the healthiest month of the year; and the present has so well verified that opinion, as that we have scarcely any disease to record; for the only

prevalent disorder has been a mild typhoid fever. A few cases of cynanche maligna have appeared.

Vaccination under the hands of the Boston physicians has flourished uncommonly during this month and the two preceding. From the data we can obtain, it seems probable that never before had there been so great a number of cases, during the same space of time. No accident has occurred to impede the progress of this practice. We would however hint the necessity of constant watchfulness, lest any imperfect cases should escape attention.

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*Statement of Diseases, from June  
20 to July 20.*

THE winds of the month past have been principally from the westward. The south-west has prevailed most: next, the north-west; and the pure west more than usual. Many small showers of rain have fallen; and the temperature of the atmosphere has been for the most part moderate.

Derangements of the stomach and intestines have been more common than any other complaints. They have generally appeared with the symptoms of colick, and yielded readily to medicine. Some of them have been more obstinate, and seemed to produce, or at least to precede, an invasion of fever. This last, of which there has been a number of cases, was of a mild character. A very few instances of typhus gravior have occurred. This is the moment which demands the vigilance of the police to prevent, as far as their powers can do so, the generation or introduction of malignant diseases. Some instances of acute rheumatism have been seen this month.

Many cases of vaccination exist in Boston.